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DREAMING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Can it be my restless heart is only dreaming
When I seem again your gentle face to see?
Is my fancy something far beyond the seeming,
As my love is given once again to me?
Are they vanished myths, your happy tones of laughter,
As from out the past they visit me once more?
Is the present but a vision of the after,
But a murmur of the waves upon the shore!

But a murmur of the reflex waves, and listless,
That return to cast our years upon the strand?
All the bright years which, with undertow resistless,
They have drawn into time's ocean from the land?
All the treasures which have passed from out our keeping,
All the hopes of life which blossomed to decay,
All the smiles which overlaid its weeping
With the loves of earth, which could not pass away?

Let me dream, nor from the blissful hours awaken
While I dream of dimpled hands and girlish wiles;
So this life of mine, so lonely and forsaken,
Ripples over with the sunshine of your smiles,
That the sorrow of the present may be banished,
And the clouds may cast no more on me their gloom,
When the darkness which o'ershadows me has vanished,
And I feel no more the shadow of your tomb.

Shall I meet you when for me this life is ended?
Shall I twine again the roses in your hair?
Shall our parted lives forevermore be blended,
And our hearts be joined in love together there?
Or it happiness returns but as a vision,
Let me still dream on, my darling, for your sake;
I shall ask not for the gifting of prevision—
It is better, far, to dream than to awake.

MURIEL;
OR,
A DOUBLE VOW.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "Fair as a Star," "A Wife's Revenge," etc.

CHAPTER IV.
THE SHADOW OF A COMING EVENT.

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Another week, and Henry Lutterell had told his love to Adrienne De Bassompierre, and all Spindleton was aware of the young man's infatuation, and had its own remarks to make on the subject. There was no thought of concealment on his part. He was too proud of his love, and he made his adoration patent to all the gossipy world of the dirty town.

Everyone knew him, and thought that the actress had made a very great conquest, and his friends waited, with no small impatience, to see what the end of it all would be. That the actress herself should refuse such an offer, or reject the position that a marriage with the rich merchant's son would secure to her, never entered into anyone's head.

The elder Mr. Lutterell was said to be a very indulgent father, and it was surmised that his consent would not be difficult to obtain, and it was looked upon as a mere *canard* when the report got about that the lady had absolutely said "No" to the young man's offer.

It was the truth. Adrienne had listened to his passionate pleadings, and had said him nay. She had listened gently, and with evident emotion. But she had rejected him, for all that. She had pointed out the difference in their ages; for her boy-lover was only nineteen, and her good sense objected to the advantage being on her side.

She had spoken of the wide gulf between them in worldly position, and told him plainly that she would not marry anyone whose family would not receive her as an equal. All these objections he had combated as a lover can. She had not said with it all that she did not care for him; and he hoped she did—just a little. As to their age, what did that matter? The world need never know, and it was surely no consequence to themselves. That her father had no objection to marriage to a woman who gets her living on the stage—that if I do not interfere he will complete his infatuation by making this actress—a woman many years his senior—his wife. I had good reason for my journey, I think."

There was something in the tone that made Henry Lutterell's heart sink like a millstone in a pond as his father looked him in the face, and spoke with the cool, cutting tones that go so straight to their mark. But he did not show he was cowed.

"Mr. Davis might have left me to write for myself," he said proudly. "You would have heard from me to-morrow, at latest. I came home now to write to you."

"It is true, then?"

"Yes, it is true."

"I thought I could have trusted you better, my boy."

"You may trust me always, father, as far as doing nothing without your sanction is concerned. I love Mademoiselle De Bassompierre, and I mean to marry her. You will not say me nay when you see her. She is a lady, and the daughter of a gentleman."

"Oh, of course. All that is understood. I have no doubt both father and daughter have played their cards well. There must be an end to this nonsense, Harry. I cannot have my son's name coupled with people of that class."

His imperturbable manner was, perhaps, the best weapon he could have used. His son's tempestuous protestations produced no effect whatever on him, and all his praises of Adrienne and entreaties that his father would suspend his judgment till he had seen her were so much wasted breath.

"I certainly shall see her," he said, "but with no such object as you imagine. Nothing can alter my intentions in the matter in the least. I will save you from such a piece of folly, in spite of yourself."

"Father, you do not know all. Adrienne is a lady, the daughter of a nobleman, and ——"

"There, there, that will do," said his father, interrupting him. "I am sorry you are so easy to be gulled, that is all. It has been a well-arranged plot to catch a husband, and I am very thankful to Mr. Davis for letting me know in time to save you from it. An actress! Bah! I would rather you married a scullery-maid, so she was an honest women."

CHAPTER V.—WHAT MONEY CAN DO.
Gold, gold, gold, gold,
Good or bad, a thousand-fold.
—HOOD.

How widely its agencies vary.—HOOD.

Henry Lutterell started up, his face blazing with indignation. The rule of his life had been implicit obedience to every command of his father, and, though he was a man now, except in the eye of the law, he had never yet thought of offering any opposition to the paternal behests. But he was in love, and any aspersion on the object of his affection was more than he could bear.

"You have no right to say such a thing," he said indignantly; "the women I love is a lady, as pure and unstained as my mother was. She is as good as she is beautiful."

"And you have known her a week, and, of course, are in a position to vouch for the fact of her honesty. You are right in one thing. I had no business to assume she was of evil reputation without knowing. There may be virtuous women on the stage, but from the little I know about things theatrical I should doubt it. However, that is not the point; virtuous or not, you are not going to marry this women. Were she as chaste as ice, as pure as snow," as Shakespeare says, she is an actress, and no fit wife for my son."

"Suspend your judgment till you have seen her, father. If you do not alter your mind, then we must wait, that is all."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that when I am of age ——"

"Tut! Nonsense! Of age or not, it will be all the same as far as I am concerned. Whether I see this woman or not will make no difference. If you persist in your insane fancy and marry her, either now or then, you shall never have one penny of the money it has been my life's aim to gather for you. You will marry her to poverty and a struggle with the world, and I don't thing her love would stand that."

"I think it would."

"Not it. She is thirty years old—you see, I know more about her than you think—and women of that age know better than to marry for love. Love! Why, the very idea is ridiculous between you and her. She will be an old woman while you are in your prime; a gray-haired matron, while you are still a young, active man."

In vain the young man strove to make his father understand the real state of affairs. He had learned a great deal about the Count and his daughter before he left home; but Adrienne had been set down as over her real age by almost everyone who had spoken of her. And no one had told him of her marvelous beauty. His informants had, one and all, spoken of her as "pretty"—a word which conveys very little.

All his son could do was to persuade him to go and see her. And they went to the theatre together, Adrienne divining, the instant she saw them, who the white-haired old gentleman so like Henry Lutterell must be.

"It is all over," she said to her father when she left the stage. "His father is here."

The Count said nothing—only shrugged his shoulders. He guessed pretty well what the end of it all would be.

Mr. Lutterell said nothing to his son that night, except to make the remark that Adrienne was very beautiful, and looked marvelously young for her years.

"I shall have more to say to you on this matter to-morrow," he said. "I want you to make me one promise."

"What is it, sir?"

"That you will not go near those people until I have seen them. I wish to speak to the old man alone, whether he is a count or not. I think he is a gentleman; he seems to have the manners of one, at any rate."

"I am glad you admit that much," his son replied. "As I promised to go there to-morrow, I suppose you will not mind my writing a note."

"Oh, write what you like, and afterwards do as you please. I will try to prevent you."

Mr. Lutterell was rather enigmatical. His son could not make him out; but he gave the required promise, only sending a note to Adrienne to say that he should not see her till later in the day than he had intended, and giving her timely warning of his father's approach. The next day Mr. Lutterell duly waited on the Count and his daughter, and returned with a look of satisfaction on his face that his son was at a loss to understand.

"I retract anything I might have said derogatory to Mademoiselle De Bassompierre," he said. "I think she is an honest woman. I am not much surprised at your infatuation, my boy, after all."

"I was sure you would admire her, sir."

"I do."

"And you will withdraw your objections?"

"I did not say that. Perhaps the objections may be on the other side for the future."

"I don't think I quite understand you, sir."

"You will understand it by-and-bye. Come, my boy, I have had enough of this love-business. Is there no place about here that you and I can take a drive to? I don't see much of the country, and this should be a pretty neighborhood if it were not for all these mills and mines."

Glad to please his father in any way, though he was rather puzzled at his manner, Henry Lutterell obeyed, and went with him for a drive through the prettiest part of the country round Spindleton. It was nearly dark when they returned, and he found he would have only just time to see Adrienne before she went to the theatre. His father had not spoken a word on the subject during their drive. He avoided the subject with a pertinacity that was incomprehensible, considering that he had come to the place on no other business.

"Let it drop," was all he said when his son began about it. "There will be an end of it from now, of course. I don't want to hear any more about it."

Arrived at home, he ran off with a few muttered words of apology to his father, who stood looking after him with rather a regretful face.

"Poor lad!" he said to himself, "it will hit hard, I am afraid, but he will thank me for saving him some day. She's a splendid creature, there's no doubt about that. But I hope she won't be the cause of a hopeless quarrel between us. I don't think she will. Harry is too young to let a pretty woman wreck his life just yet."

"Harry" meanwhile was speeding through the muddy streets to hear for himself what his father had said to his ladylove. He hardly knew what he fancied. He could gather nothing from his manner, but he had a terrible sinking at his heart, and a foreboding that all was not right. His way led him past the theatre, and, to his surprise, he saw that it was closed, though it was quite time to open its doors. There were some people hanging about the steps, and Mrs. Peters holding forth in her most fluent style.

"What is the matter, Molly?" he asked, crossing over to where she stood. "Why are the doors not open?"

"They won't be open no more," was the abrupt reply.

"Not open? Why not?"

"Because the mounseer's gone away like the rest of 'em, that's why," replied Molly. "Found Spindleton too hot to hold him, I shouldn't wonder. Anyway, he's gone."

"*Gone!*"

"Yes, pack and package—he and his fine-lady daughter, too. If you don't believe me, go to their place and ask," she added, seeing the young man looking at her in a bewildered fashion, as if he hardly understood her. "A pretty to-do there'll be here by-and-bye, when people find the door shut and want their money."

"There won't be any difficulty about that, Mrs. Peters," said a voice behind them, as a young man came up and made his way through the crowd. "If you have any claim on the manager, Molly, you will please apply at our office, and you will get it if it is a just one, not else."

He proceeded to affix to the theatre-door a notice to the effect that anyone to whom the Count De Bassompierre was in any way indebted was to apply at the office of a well-known firm of lawyers in the town, to whom he was clerk. Whatever the Count had gone away for, it was not for fear of his creditors. Henry Lutterell touched him on the shoulder as he turned to go away.

"I don't think I quite understand," he said. "Is what this woman says true?"

"What about?"

"The Count. Is he gone?"

CIRCUS MANAGERS OF THE PAST.

CHARLES W. NOYES. SPENCER Q. STOKES.

For Biographical Sketches see page 300.

"Yes."

"When? Where?"

"This afternoon. I don't know where. It was all done in a hurry. I saw them off. I can't tell you where they are gone to," he added, feeling sorry for the look of pain that came over the other's face. "They only took tickets for Manchester."

"Is that all you know?"

"Everything. Perhaps their landlady can tell you something."

"Thank you. I will go to her."

Henry Lutterell turned away, feeling as if the whole world were falling into ruins at his feet. The quiet lodgings the father and daughter had occupied were close by, and he reached them in a few minutes.

There was no doubt the lodgers were gone. The little sitting-room he had already begun to associate with his darling, and to look upon as a very bower of bliss, was being turned, as the housemaids call it, "out of windows." A grand clean was going on, and the landlady could hardly find time to speak to him.

A judicious bribe loosened her tongue, and aided her memory considerably, and she was able to recollect what her visitor wanted to know. A gentleman had called in the morning. After he had gone, the Count had sent for her, and told her they were going away that day. He had paid her a week's rent in lieu of notice, and settled up everything. In fact, he had behaved as a perfect gentleman. She did not see mademoiselle till they were on the point of leaving, but she had heard her crying in her own room.

"Did she leave no message for me?" asked the young man.

"No, sir."

"No any note?"

"No, sir, nothing. She seemed very downlike, and she could hardly speak when she bade me good-bye; but she never mentioned you at all."

Henry Lutterell turned on his heel, and went away without another word. To have an explanation with his father was the uppermost thought, and then—he hardly knew what then. Wild thoughts of going he knew not where to seek for Adrienne filled his heart, and he was ripe for any undutiful action.

Accident saved him—an accident that had very nearly cost his father his life. Mr. Lutterell had fallen down the somewhat dark staircase of the house his son occupied, and was lying almost insensible when Henry got back. He had narrowly escaped fracturing his skull, and there was nothing to do but watch him, and wait for his recovery before asking him any questions. Herbert Davis came to his friend's assistance, and made all possible inquiries about the Count and his daughter. But they might have fallen into the earth, for all he could discover concerning them.

Mr. Lutterell had not got the right way to work, or he might have easily found out that they were going to Bristol, en route for America. They had not striven to hide themselves in any way, but accident had helped to conceal their whereabouts, as it often does. It was a week before the elder Mr. Lutterell was able to leave his bed and be helped into his son's sitting-room, and even then the doctors forbade the slightest excitement. He himself was the first to approach the subject.

"Well, Harry," he said, seeing his son sitting with his head resting upon his hand, and a very gloomy face, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Have you nothing to say to *me*, sir?" the young man replied. "What have you done to the woman I love, that she has gone without a word—not even leaving me a farewell, or a line to say that she is sorry for the parting?"

"It may be that the sorrow caused the silence, my boy," said the father kindly. "She *was* sorry, there is not a doubt of that. But she is a woman of sense. Don't let us quarrel over her, my boy. I have been too near death to bear to be at enmity with you. She is a splendid woman, and I dare say she is a good one; but she had her price. I have bought her off—that is all."

"Bought her off?"

"Yes; she chose between you and money. I offered her a good round sum, and she took it and went. Don't let us talk any more about it, my lad. Come back to town with me, and forget that you ever saw this elderly Dalilah. There are plenty of young and ——"

"Don't, father," said the son sharply, "don't speak to me of women, and I will go where you please."

"I won't, my boy, till you bring some good, loving girl, and say: 'Father, this is to be my wife.' The day will come, in spite of this little entanglement."

"Never!"

"Oh, yes, it will. Love that can be paid out, like a useless partner, is not worth much. The business was quite easy. The lady made scarcely any objection. She seemed rather in a hurry to be gone."

Henry Lutterell was a very boy still, for he fairly broke down and burst into a passion of tears like a girl, and his father congratulated himself that the feeling was not so deep, after all, and would soon pass away. He did not quite know his son, nor of what faith and patience he was capable.

CHAPTER VI.
THE DARK HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

Beware of desperate steps: the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
—COWPER.

Mr. Lutterell spoke the truth, but not the whole truth, when he told his son that he had bought Mlle. De Bassompierre off. She had not taken the money, but her father had. She had indignantly refused to bargain with him, but had signified her willingness to see his son no more, if what he told her was true.

He had declared that, if she held the young man to his promise, he would disinherit him from that hour, that no child of his should ever marry an actress, and he more than hinted that Henry's attachment was only a thing of the moment, and that if she were away he would forget her and be ready to do his father's bidding. He did not actually say that his son knew of the offer he was going to make, but he implied it, and so inflicted the deepest wound that a woman's pride can suffer.

Adrienne, stung and humiliated, told him proudly she would see his son no more, and swept out of the room, leaving her father to talk to him. She would not condemn Harry quite till she had heard from his own lips that he knew what his father had done. She wrote a letter to him while Mr. Lutterell was still in the house, and despatched it by the son of the landlady. In it she said that she would not take his father's word about his evanescent love unless it was confirmed by silence or by his word. If he sent her no answer, she should know that she had been mistaken.

The boy fell in with some companions, got into a squabble in which the letter was lost, and then went home and gravely declared that he had delivered it. Luckily, he was not found out. But Adrienne De Bassompierre left Spindleton thinking that for the second time she had been made a plaything, and feeling as if it was of no consequence what became of her.

It had been a matter of money, as the elder Mr. Lutterell said. The Count had taken a sum from the merchant sufficient to defray their expenses to America and start them there; and so ended his brief reign in the factory-town.

He left it with honor, for everyone was paid to the uttermost farthing, and in a very little while the nine days' wonder of the titled manager and his talented daughter was a thing of the past. Adrienne was never a thing of the past to her boy-lover. The sting of the disappointment and broken dreams had gone straight home, and though he never mentioned her name, he thought of her unceasingly. His father tried in vain to make him think of matrimony. There seemed to be no woman in the world for him, now that he had lost her, and he was obliged to let him be.

It came to be thought in time that "young Mr. Lutterell" was not a marrying man, but no one knew the reason why. He was indefatigable in business, and before many years had passed came to be known as his father's right hand in all things. And ten years went by, and at the end of them came a time of darkness and trial.

One of the panics that now and then sweep over the commercial world wellnigh brought ruin to the house of Burne Lutterell, Tait & Co., and the senior partner was completely overwhelmed by the misfortune that had come upon him. There was nothing to be done. Through causes with which our story has nothing to do, it was impossible for them to weather the storm. The old house must go, and it seemed as if the life of the house would go with it.

The younger Henry Lutterell—a partner now for many years—sat alone in the private room used by his father and himself, thinking wearily of the position of affairs, and sadly enough of the old man at home. The doctors had told him plainly that, unless something happened to relieve his father's mind and ease him of some of his troubles, he would surely die.

There was no hope of that now. He had strained every nerve to raise money to meet the payments that must be made the next day, but all in vain. Another week would set him on his legs again, or ten thousand pounds advanced him would make all safe, but that was equally impossible. The next morning would see the old house shut up, and the old name that had never known a blot would have to look the world in the face from the bankruptcy-list.

A knock at the door aroused him from his sad reveries, and he raised his head and bade the intruder come in. It was the head-clerk who entered, with somewhat of a puzzled look on his face.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," he said.

"A lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is she? What does she want?"

"I can't say, sir. She would not give her name. She only said her business was most important, and begged that she might see you at once."

"I can't see anyone now. I suppose she is only one of those who will have the right to curse our name when this wretched business is public property. Send her away—get rid of her for me."

"I don't fancy it is anything of that sort," the clerk replied. "I did say you could not see anyone, but she will not go. She is quite a lady."

"If she were the Queen herself, her presence would be torture, unless she could help me out of my difficulties. If I must see her, Brooks, show her in."

The clerk retired, to return in a minute or so, ushering in a tall, graceful woman, richly dressed and closely veiled. That she belonged to the upper classes there could be no manner of doubt. She moved like a queen, and her attire was of the costliest description, though of extreme neatness. She wore a dress of soft black silk that emitted no rustle as it trailed on the ground behind her, and was wrapped in furs an empress might have been proud to wear. She started a little when she saw who it was she was going to speak to, as if she had expected to see someone else, and then, after a moment's hesitation, she raised her veil and came forward.

Henry Lutterell's heart stood still as he looked at her. It was Adrienne De Bassompierre, the only woman that had ever touched his heart and made his pulses throb with the quickened beat of a young man's first love.

"Adrienne!" he gasped.

And the wild love in his face, the joy that sprung to life there in that moment of meeting must have shown her the hat, whatever had come between them in the old days, she held her place in his affection still. He would have clasped her in his arms, forgetful of everything but the bliss of her presence, but she drew back, and he recovered his senses in that moment's hesitation.

"Yes, Mr. Lutterell," she said in a voice that quivered ever so little, "it is I—Adrienne. I came to see your father, as I thought. I would rather say what I have to say to him than to you."

"My father is dying, madam. He will see no one in this world again, I am afraid, unless ——"

The firm voice broke into a sob. Henry Lutterell had been sorely tried during the past few days, and was almost worn out. He covered his face with his hands to hide his quivering lips, and with a sigh that was almost a groan he bent his head on the table before him. She went softly up to him, with, oh, such womanly pity in her beautiful face, and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Unless some help comes to relieve him of his anxieties," she said gently. "Is that what you would say?"

He lifted his wrung and working face, and looked at her in surprise.

"You know, then?" he said.

"Yes, it is because I know that I am here. Will you accept the help you need at my hands?"

"At yours!"

"Yes. I can give it. If ten or even twenty thousand pounds will save the credit of your house, and prevent your good name from being soiled, it is mine to give."

"Yours!"

"Yes. Will you take it? I have not forgotten the time when you helped and cheered my father. It was the beginning of prosperity to us. I would help your father now, if he would let me. I thought it was to see him that I came here."

He could only stare at her in a bewildered fashion, wondering whether he were in a dream, and she went on, speaking in the same calm, suppressed tone, as if the words were a little difficult to utter.

"I am not doing anything rashly. I tried to give you the help you needed without your knowledge; but it could not be managed, I was told. If you had been bankers, instead of merchants, I could have opened an account with you, and so helped. The lawyers tell me that you must be parties to anything that is done, so I was obliged to come. The trouble is only temporary. Will you not let my money stave it off for you?"

"I cannot—cannot take money from you. Heaven will reward you for your goodness in offering, but I cannot."

"Not for your father's sake?"

"I would do anything for him; but he would not hear of such a sacrifice."

"It is no sacrifice, only a business transaction. I make an investment, that is all."

"You must have been very prosperous in your profession."

"The profession and I parted company a long time ago," she said, with a smile. "I was prosperous, though the enthusiasm for my art died when I left England. I do not owe my fortune to the stage, but to one of those turns of the wheel of fate that come now and then. My father's possessions came back to him, and I have inherited them, that is all."

"He is dead, then?"

"Yes, two years ago. I am free to do what I like with my money, and I should like to invest it in your father's business. Do not say me nay, for the sake of a few bright days when I was so happy. That little week of sunshine is the one bright spot I have to look back to in my dreary life."

She was a thorough woman. She had come to this interview intending to be very businesslike, and not to let sentiments have anything to do with her proceedings whatever; but she had met her old lover again face to face, and all her coldness and stiffness went to the winds. She had thought of him as married, perhaps, with a family of children growing up around him, and immersed in business cares to the exclusion of all memory of her past sorrow. But she had seen in his face that, whatever his position might be, whether married or single, the love was there still, and her heart got the better of her head in the unequal contest.

"Don't tempt me," he said wildly. "Don't speak to me in that sweet, familiar voice, or I shall forget my misery and the time that has past since we met, and claim you for my own, as I did long ago—you another man's wife, for aught I know."

"I am no man's wife, Harry—oh, forgive me for using the old, familiar name; it came to my lips naturally with the sight of you—I am Adrienne De Bassompierre still. I shall never marry."

For answer he drew her into his arms and covered her face with kisses, clasping her to his heart, as a man clasps the woman he loves, for whose presence he has longed for many years.

"My darling, my darling!" he murmured; then, releasing her: "Ah, forgive me," he said. "I could not help it. The sight of you has been like opening one of the doors of heaven to me; you are free and rich, I have nothing but my ruined name to offer you. Leave me, Adrienne, or I shall yield to the temptation and be the pensioner on your bounty by which you would make me by your munificence. Life will be brighter now that I have seen you again."

"Don't tempt *me*," she said, with a tinge of sadness in her voice. "I have schooled myself to think of you as a married man, with a loving wife and happy children round you, and the memory of those few passionate days wiped out by the cares and business incidental to your daily life. I never dreamed that any thought of me would remain with you till now."

"Remain! It has never left me. Day and night I have thought of you, Adrienne! And now ——"

"And now I am an old woman, Harry. It cannot be. Not for my sake, but yours. You have your life before you. I am at the turning-point of mine. We couldn't climb the hill together, you and I."

The clerk in the outer office wondered a little at the length of the interview between the strange lady and his chief. He wondered still more when he was told that things would, perhaps, be settled on the morrow, and the house go on as before.

The lady went home with Mr. Henry Lutterell, as the younger partner was called, and the next day Mr. Lutterell was better, and the affairs of the house were set right. Only their immediate business connections ever knew that Burne Lutterell, Tait & Co. had been saved from bankruptcy by a woman.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A DRAMATIC MIXTURE.

CONCOCTED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES GORMAN.

J. C. Williamson, having "Struck Oil," determined upon "A Trip to the Moon," but, on reflection, changed his mind and joined J. K. Emmet in a tour "Around the World in Eighty Days," both taking their "Wives" with them. During the journey they frequently referred to their "Daughters" as "Our Girls." On arriving in Europe they met "Fritz in Ireland," he being very fond of that land of "Enchantment"—the evenings, he said, reminded him of "An Arabian Night." At their earnest solicitation he consented to join "The Tourists;" but, having previously formed a violent attachment for "The Banker's Daughter," he resolved that they should immediately become "Man and Wife," "Marriage" being one of his favorite "Hobbies." After "Much Ado About Nothing" they were married and returned to America in "H. M. S. Pinafore," a pleasant voyage landing them safe and sound in "The Streets of New York." This ended their "Honeymoon;" but their happiness did not long continue, for one night he discovered her with "Dan'l Druce" at "The Mulligan-guard Ball." He was *Wild* with "*Jealousy*," she turned *Gray* from fright, and he endeavored there and then to wreak vengeance upon her; but she was "Rescued" by Dion Boucicault, who threw her husband from a seven-story window into "The Brook" which meanders past the domicile. From here he was taken by Dominick Murray, who had just "Escaped from 'Sing Sing,'" and transferred to a room in a row of "French Flats." Recovering from his involuntary immersion, he thought of commencing proceedings for a "Divorce;" but, not liking a "Trial by Jury," and afraid of its becoming "A Celebrated Case," having an "Iron Will" he determined to put her to "A Terrible Test" to prove her innocence. Being "Engaged" in business, he said: "I will first consult 'My Partner.'" His partner, "Joshua Whitcomb," told him "The Wife" was above suspicion, and, taking the advice of this good old Yankee, he despatched "A Messenger from Jarvis Section" to "Wolfert's Roost," saying "Tell 'My Son' that I forgive his mother." This brought "Mother and Son" "Face to Face," and effected a reconciliation between these "Hearts of Oak."

DELIRIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I'm weary, but I cannot sleep;
My pulses boil, my brain's on fire,
And through its burning tissues leap
Wild fantasies that never tire—
Thoughts winged with lightning, clothed with flame,
Ranging the universe abroad,
And reaching, with audacious aim,
Near to the eternal throne of God!

I move among the radiant throng
Who evermore their voices raise,
With harp-notes blent in ceaseless song
To the benign Creator's praise,
And there a glorious saint I see
Who once in earthly form was mine,
But she no more remembers me,
Or, knowing me, she makes no sign.

A swift-winged messenger, afar
I fly, a courier of the Lord,
Bearing to the remotest star
The fiat of his powerful word.
Suns, systems, constellations vast
Along my pathway flash and fade;
Scarce sooner is begun than past
The wondrous journey I have made.

On a bare infant world I stand,
Just launched upon creation's marge,
And solemnly, with outstretched hand,
I speak the mandate free and large
That clothes with light the new-born sphere,
Wakes it to beauty, life and love,
Prescribes its course and marks the year
Through which its varying seasons move.

I grasp the rushing comet's mane
And dash away through boundless space;
Wildly I rove the empyrean plain,
In restless and erratic chase.
Laughing in fierce and frantic glee,
I flash by many a startled world,
Which, faint and trembling, wakes to be
In instantaneous ruin hurled!

I wheel among the circling spheres
That whirl along the path of time,
And lo! there fall upon my ears
Such strains of harmony sublime
As have been heard but once on earth—
It was when shouts angelic rang,
And, joyful at creation's birth,
The morning-stars together sang.

Shall I the depths of hell explore
And drag some awful mystery thence?
No; my wild wanderings are o'er;
A restful spirit calls me hence.
A blissful languor o'er me steals
That bathes my brain in coolness deep,
My pulses stills, my eyelids seals,
My senses lulls—thank God, I sleep!

JOHN CLERKE.

ADIRONDACK SALAD:
PREPARED BY THE CLIPPER'S OWN COOK

The Adirondack Wilderness is the spot of all others for the treasurer of a Fall River mill to retire to. He might take his choice of a dozen different ways of getting into the woods, and the chances are that those most immediately interested in his movements would not strike the same route. The trouble would be in getting out; but then there is always some trouble about getting out of the woods.

If you take a map of the State of New York, and run your eye along the Hudson-river Railroad—you can travel amazingly fast on a map with your eye—until you get to Albany; then continue the line of vision so as to strike Plattsburg, by way of Saratoga and Lake Champlain; then turn off (with your eye) pretty nearly at a right-angle for a matter of sixty miles; if you do all this, you will fetch up at the St. Regis Lake House (in your eye). That is one way, and the commonest, of getting into the wilderness. It necessitates forty miles of stage-riding, and ought, therefore, to be popular with our friends of the stage. If you make the journey with your whole body, instead of with your eye, you can breakfast in New York Monday morning and sleep in the St. Regis Lake House Tuesday night—provided your conscience is clear and you pay your bill. The St. Regis region may be regarded as a sort of head to the wilderness. Here begins that chain of lakes which stretches way down to the Black River country—to Boonville or some other enterprising town. Taking a generally southern direction, but bearing gradually towards the west, one can travel straight along for a week through an unbroken wilderness. I inflict upon you this chunk of actual information to show that up here one is really in the wilderness. It is none of your little play-day woods. It is a place for the rifle, not the shot-gun; and when you start out for a hunt, you need have no fear of running afoul of a potato patch or retiring ignominiously before a farmer's watch-dog.

In the journey I have supposed you to make, optically, you have followed the course taken by most New-Yorkers, and have brought up at an important objective point—"Paul" Smith's hotel, which is the biggest and best-known tavern in the wilderness. Further reason for fixing this locality is enough to discover the exact spot where THE CLIPPER camp is pitched. To do this it may be necessary for you to turn to a map of Franklin County, search out Lake Osgood (which you can easily do after you have found St. Regis Lake), and stick a pin midway on the southern shore close to the water. That pinhole you will be good enough to regard as the camp. In the particular map of Franklin County which lies before me, I find that I am squarely in the middle of the letter "I." Perhaps that is why these letters will appear excessively egotistical. And yet it is better to be squarely in "I" than in "L." Even in Franklin County they will admit that.

If you are neither a sportsman, a fisherman nor an invalid, you may wonder why hundreds of persons leave their comfortable city homes to come up here and rough it through the Summer and Autumn. Naturally, "roughing it" is associated with a wilderness, and it is not to be denied that the year-round inhabitants are forced to put up with a great many privations and hardships; but the tourist, as opposed, may live here, forty miles in the woods, as comfortably and almost as luxuriously as he could in Saratoga. Understand, I am now speaking of life at the hotels. There are to be found the broad piazzas, the richly-dressed women, the diamonds and laces, the solid old buck from Wall street, and the kind of dear which is not tracked by hounds nor shot with a rifle. Oh, yes. Fashion has got a pretty strong grip on the Adirondacks. Over the very spot where thirty years ago the Canadian half-breed hared his jerked venison with his dog, you may now hear the grouty and gouty epicure sending back his tenderloin-steak because it is overdone. It would do Dr. Holland or T. S. Arthur a world of good to stroll over to THE CLIPPER camp after contemplating the dizzy multitude at the hotels. The contrast would afford a beautiful theme for a tale with a moral—or rather a moral with a small tale appended. For there are no broad piazzas here, no diamonds, no old bucks. This is the humble abode of virtue and poverty. Champagne bottles are unknown, and the fare on hand and in the can contain nothing stronger than maple syrup and cold tea. After finishing the moral and the tale, Mr. Arthur might evolve another "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and some distinguished actor—Charles Backus, Esq., for example—might be induced to play it. Of course, Mr. Backus would not want to play the barroom, but he could be one of the ten knights, and the effulgence of such a star would be morally certain to illumine the other nine knights.

This passing reference to Mr. Backus reminds me that, at one time and another, a good many lights of the stage have penetrated the Adirondacks. Some of their exploits will bear recital at another time, but I mention the fact now as a convenient way of getting back to the theme of my discourse. To explain, then, why people leave their comfortable homes to come up here, let it be understood that fully half of those who do come are women. Except they be invalids, all women go always to all Summer resorts for about the same reasons—to display their elaborate toilets, to gossip, to eat, to make fancy-work, and conquests and—mischief. That is why they come up here. The other half (again excepting invalids), about one man in three, comes from an honest love of sport and gets a keen and glorious pleasure out of every minute of his sojourn. Of the others, some come because their wives want them to; a few because they believe that some other fellow's wife wants them to; still others for the mere rest which a change of scene affords; and the remainder—well, because they have got into the habit of the thing, and don't like to break off. The sick, of course, come in search of health. There you have it all explained, and all the various classes accounted for. If I have omitted anybody or erroneously explained anybody's presence, I am sorry. If anybody is here for other than the reasons given—any ex-resident of Sing Sing or Auburn—I hope he will make himself known. This salad aims to be thoroughly impartial, and is made upon the recipe of chopping all its ingredients equally fine.

Speaking of chopping, let me say that it is very much easier to divide the people here into classes than it is to account for their coming. All men are either guides or sportsmen. The guide is too important an element in backwoods life to be dealt with in the limited space remaining in this letter. I may say, however, that he bears a striking resemblance to the city-barber in that he never serves an apprenticeship. We all know that there never yet was a barber-shop which employed other than "experienced artists." It follows, therefore, that the barber, full-fledged, springs up in a night, or else drops from the skies, razor in hand and the praises of the best hair-tonic in the world on his lips. Similarly comes the Adirondack guide into this barren world. He rolls, so to speak, out of his log cradle into a pair of top-boots, discards the bottle for plug-tobacco, possesses himself of a boat and a jack-knife, and becomes forthwith an experienced guide. And the sportsman? Let me explain what that word means by confessing that before I came into this wilderness I had never shot off a gun in my life—except the air-weapons that you find in the Bowery; I had never cast a fly, nor jointed a pole, nor told a fish-story—intentionally, at any rate; I had never seen a deer save those in the Park, while the few "strikes" I ever made on speckled trout were confined exclusively to Fulton Market. And yet—I say it with the solemnity which befits such an assertion—and yet I had not got fairly into the wilderness before I made the startling discovery that I was a sportsman!

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

NO SIGNATURE.—1. Weston covered 550 miles 110 yards in six days, according to the record given him in England. 2. A player forfeits two points who touches either of his opponent's pegs except to peg back points that the latter has overscored. The penalty in cases a player displaces his own front peg, however inadvertently, is that his back peg shall become his front peg—that is, the peg that he displaced must be put immediately behind his back peg, wherever that may happen to be. 3. At seven up, single-handed, a player can expose all his cards whenever he chooses. Th re is no special penalty, the exposure being its own sufficient punishment. At partner seven-up the exposed cards may be called, as an exposure in that case can be of benefit to the side that makes it.

N. M.—We are unwilling to render a decision on the matter as stated. "The child born in Louisiana of European parents" is not at all definite. Such a child, if its parents were residents of Louisiana, would there be called a creole, we believe; but it ought not to be so classed if its parents were mere sojourners there at the time of its birth. Then there is another definition of the word, which limits its application to natives of Spanish America or the West Indies who are descendants of European ancestors. This is the old or original definition. Finally, there is a popular definition that is wholly erroneous; and that is that a creole must have negro blood in his veins.

J. F., Hartshorne.—There is no such thing, at regular euchre, as a lone hand against a lone hand. There can be no lone hand unless it is played against two hands. The premium of four points is given for five tricks owing to the difficulty of making that number when playing alone to five cards against ten cards. All C could make, whether he took in three tricks or five, were two points for a euchre. Ignoring his own partner, he was simply increasing the chances that A had to make five tricks.

"WITH ALLEY," Baltimore.—Mr. M will win it the official canvass sustains his position as to figures. "That Donnell would not have 80,000 majority over Robinson" is something that admits of no doubt. A candidate has not to have a majority of all the votes cast to secure majority over some one other named candidate. There could be no plurality for this bet, because it assumes to cover only the votes cast for two named men.

C. B. S., Buffalo.—There can be no "go" for a player who has a card that will come in. Your opponent counts two for 31, which covers his last card. Had he paired or made a point before he played that card, it would have been entitled to a "go," and to the pair or the sequence.

JOHN ROACH, Phila.—You had better consult a professional lawyer about the matter personally. In fact, he alone could do so; but, after seeing you, a practical man would be better able to form a correct opinion than we can be expected to be upon the statement submitted.

H. K.—There is no settled way of playing pinochle with two or three packs. At the straight game, which is played with one pack only, four aces can be counted a hundred and fifty afterwards, but not one hundred and fifty and then forty.

F. D., St. Louis.—1. Pennsylvania used to be a slave State. 2. The negro was no saler in Ohio; but that State, being on the border, was easier for the fugitive slave to reach, and thence he went into Canada. No address her in can be offered with a number that probably send for the paper.

C. H. P., Rochester.—Mallory & Co., agents for the line, inform us that a good-going coastwise steamer could make the voyage from Key West to Jacksonville, Fla., in seventy-two hours. The distance is 800 miles.

THOS. GAFFNEY, Bridgeport.—If the rooster who was declared the winner was over the stipulated weight, and no other was not, the latter was entitled to the stakes. The referee's decision was final, however.

T. H. C.—No arrangement has yet been made. If the contest takes place in England, it is not likely that any American will be found among the competitors for the Astley belt.

COOK.—It is not necessary, in setting up a table of leaders, to use periods at the end of any or every line. It is a matter of taste, and the table would look neater without the periods.

WALLACE, Pittsburg.—In the last race in which Wallace Ross was a principal his opponent was James H. Riley, who won. That race took place at Rockaway, L. I., Oct. 20 last.

DECLINED.—"Auld Lang Syne," "Receipts for Making Various Preparations," "Professional Delegates' Convention," "The Street-car Nag," "The Boss of a Broadway Bus."

R. B. R., Brooklyn.—The islands in the bay probably belong to the U. S. Government. If they do not, then they belong to the city. The city and county of New York are identical.

G. W. C., Cohoes.—There is a difference of opinion; but we consider that, with the game at six each at seven-up, the player who deals has a slight advantage even when he is shindfolded.

F. M. M., U. S. Minnesota.—1. The Jesse Billings murder occurred in Saratoga County, N. Y. 2. The match of Ed Edwards in fighting condition used to be 124lb, and his height was 5ft. 4 5-8in. 3. See dramatic columns.

C. H. R., Warren.—We have written for definite information regarding the jump alluded to. It seems to have been fairly done, and if so it is the best recorded. Probably spring shoes were used.

W. A., Geneva.—A player who has 59 to the good at fifteen-ball pool can claim the game against an opponent who has a scratch, or buck, no matter how many balls are on the table.

A CONSTANT READER, Holliston.—1. The king of spades won the deal, unless it was agreed that the lower card should win it. 2. On the same principle, the ace won the deal.

W. R., St. Louis.—It will save our space if you state the bet. We will decide which way it is, or has been, if you room to print arithmetical problems that can be found in almost any book of puzzles.

J. D., Trenton.—1. Capt. Howard jumped 29ft. 7in., taking off a block of wood one foot wide, two feet long, wedge-shaped, raised 4in in front, at Chester, Eng. 2. Corkey's best six-day record is 622 miles in the Astley, in 1870. 3. No.

THIRTY.—There can be no decision upon that matter. That is not a recognized way of playing dice, and both parties should have understood how they were to play before they began.

FRED.—The President recommends a given time for national thanksgiving. The Governor of any State can set a different day, or he can decline to name any day whatever.

READER, Clarion.—Cincinnati should have a much larger population than Pittsburg. The matter will be settled by the national census, which is taken every ten years, and will be next taken in 1880.

C. B., Baltimore.—It is merely the simple solo. That is the practice here among men who in this country and in Germany have played the game for thirty years.

NORTH WARD.—There was a limited issue during the Rebellion when a greenback dollar was worth less than forty cents.

D. L., Albany.—You lose the ball, and it is not to be spotted. It is the same as a ball that never went near a pocket.

G. M., Richmond.—He is not compelled to run them, unless he said he would do so. Had he dealt off a card, then it would have been too late to change his mind.

DR. B., St. Louis.—1. I can take the dummy, and No. 2 can draw. There is no way that No. 2, having passed before a "knock," can be denied the privilege of drawing.

537.—He could not take in the eight and at the same time put the six and the three on his previously made pile of sixes.

E. J. EUCHRE, New Haven.—E cut the ace of clubs. Under the agreement there was no king of clubs in the pack, and there was no tie.

A. F. S., Havana.—The striker is not out, and the umpire should have decided the ball foul, it having hit the batter behind the foul-ball lines.

G. A. L., Herkimer.—1. J. White and Dolan are disengaged. 2. Syracuse and Utica, N. Y., will not be represented by professional clubs in 1880.

ANDREW J. FORREST, Troy.—You might get it by advertising therefor. It is not probable, however, that parties having the picture would sell one about the other.

B., Sparta.—See our advertising columns.

J. W. M., Boston.—The bet is void.

B. B. CADIGAN.—He did not bet.

L. P.—It is caused by rust.

CRIBBAGE-PLAYER, Chicago.—1. B is entitled to one for the last card. 2. He gets two for the pair, six for the pair-royal, and one for the last card. 3. Probably Walker.

E. L. A. W., Boston.—We have searched our file, but cannot find any mention of such an event, the occurrence of which we question

W. D. A., Toronto.—Have you heard from Guelph yet? Time is precious.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, St. Thomas.—No; but by covering 450 miles he saved his entrance money.

CAROLINE.—1. Heenan. 2. You neglect to state the distance.

C. T. GOODRICH, Newburg.—We do not remember it, and have not been able to learn aught about it.

J. C. K. C.—Make application to the State Legislature through the Member of Assembly for your district.

E. L., Burlington.—1. Hanlan was beaten twice in 1877. 2. See dramatic columns.

A B C, Chicago.—Fulton street, this city, runs from East to North River.

M. A. T.—All five tricks at three-handed euchre count the maker three points.

JOHN NOLAN, Newark.—We do not insert challenges that are unsupported by money.

H. CLARK, Philadelphia.—We did not see it. Most likely it appeared in *The Herald*.

XAVIER.—If C had the order at the time the bet was made, A wins.

A DEALER, Baltimore.—You have omitted something. Write again.

UNW B., Raleigh.—Ed. James, 88 Centre street, can get it for you.

JAMES READ.—Hanlan and Courtney rowed at Lachine, Canada, Oct. 1, 1878.

A. B., Saco.—It was a typographical error in the advertisement; there are only five volumes of "Boxiana."

BRICKMAKER, Newburg.—Address *The Army and Navy Journal*, this city.

BRADLEY, Brockton.—A. C. Anson weighs 215lb and George Gore 190lb.

R. H. WEATHERFORD, Texas.—We have never published that player's biography.

J. T. B., Ashland.—We have more than we can find room for.

MAMIE LUKE.—The Sendish compositor is responsible for those sins of omission and transposition.

J. A. R., Reading.—Reliable routes ahead are desirable, as we stated last week.

STEPHEN TIKMAN, Cincinnati.—She is walking in Brooklyn. A letter addressed in our care will reach the lady.

C. L. WHITMAN.—It is entirely at the option of A as to which man he moves first.

C. A. C. McH., Montreal.—Thank you, but we are already provided for.

OHIO.—The holders of kings should have at least another card dealt to them.

P. T. M., Ottawa.—We know nothing about the "perpetual wick."

O. W., St. Louis.—You will find full information in "Practical Training," advertised by Ed. James.

J. B. H., West Haven.—In 4, 4, 5, 3, there is a run of three in the player of the 5.

W. L. B., Hudson.—Goldsmith Maid made her best time in 1874.

H. J., Bellows Falls.—Not having covered eighty miles, C was shut out. He should not.

W. T., Sing Sing.—A will lose if Cornell has not 25,000 majority, instead of plurality.

L. G. F.—"The Game of Billiards," by Michael Phelan.

JOHN L. BELL, Georgetown.—The record is all right.

J. W. H., London, Eng., has the thanks.

ADAMS.—Many wagons have a fifth wheel.

B., Sparta.—See our advertising columns.

J. W. M., Boston.—The bet is void.

B. B. CADIGAN.—He did not bet.

L. P.—It is caused by rust.

MORTLOCK, Thomas.—A brother of the once celebrated English cricketer. He had filled many important offices in connection with the Masonic fraternity of London, Eng. He had attended the funeral of Mr. Page, the cricket-material manufacturer, and during the course of the service in the chapel he died in a fit of apoplexy—London, Eng., Nov. 18.

MCCOLGAN, Mrs. Cecelia—A centenarian. She was born in County Donegal, Ireland, and came to this country in her eighty-sixth year. She was in possession of the most of her faculties up to the time of her death—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 5, aged 100.

MUSE, John J.—A member of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Allegheny County in 1859 and 1860—Versailles, Pa., Dec. 5.

NAPIER, Mark—A well-known Scottish antiquary and bibliographer—Edinburgh, Scotland, Nov. 22, aged 82.

PHELPS, Frank—City editor of *The Burlington Hawk-eye*—Burlington, Ia., Dec. 3.

PETRIE, Jonathan—A retired merchant of this city—here, Nov. 30, aged 61.

PARRY, Rev. William M.—A well known and very popular clergyman of Worcester, Mass. He came from Nottingham, Eng., in 1857, and filled the pulpit at the Old South Church till 1874, since when he has been pastor of the Tabernacle Society—Worcester, Dec. 2.

PECKHAM, Dr. W. H.—A well-known resident of this city. He was born in Albany, N. Y., and there practiced his profession of physician for several years. In 1836 he established himself in medical practice in this city, but for a long time he had devoted himself as trustee to the care of a large estate—here, Dec. 6.

PAGE, Edward James—An English manufacturer of cricket materials, whose name is known wherever the game is played. In fact, as a manufacturer of cricket bats he held a reputation second to none, and it is claimed for him that he was the first to devise this special brand of the trade to any perfection—London, Eng., Nov. 13.

RANVIER, Gabriel—The member of the Paris Commune who superintended the overthrow of the Vendome column—Paris, France, Nov. 26, aged 62.

SIMONSON, Capt. Benjamin—One of the most experienced of the New York pilots—Staten Island, N. Y., Dec. 5, aged 45.

SANFORD, Rollin—A well-known resident of this city, where he was born and reared, but abandoned his profession to engage in the management of a Stamford, Ct., manufacturing company—here, Dec. 2, aged 73.

SMITH, Daniel—A resident of Zanesville, O., since 1811—there, Dec. 1.

STURDEVANT, Major John—A member of several terms of the Pennsylvania Legislature and an old resident of Wilkesbarre, Pa.—there, Dec. 6, aged 84.

THOMSON, James M.—A well known resident of this city, who had held for several years a position of harbor-master. He was prominent in local politics—here, Dec 6, aged 59.

TRUPEY, Mrs. Margaret—A centenarian. She was born in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, on Aug. 15, 1780, and had resided at Flushing, L. I., for the past twenty-five years. Her age was authenticated by trustworthy testimony. Mr. Irving, Lykens—You will find full information in "Practical Training," advertised by Ed. James.

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WETMORE, David W.—A retired New York merchant. He and his brother formed a partnership over fifty years ago, and dealt in iron and hardware. Both were wealthy. Mr. Wetmore retired from business with an ample fortune—New London, Ct., Dec. 3, aged 84.

WOODS, Major James B.—One of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Winchester, Ky., where he had held many positions of honor and trust—there, Nov. 30.

THE TURF.

NATIONAL TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

The session of the Board of Review of the above-named association commenced in the Fifth-avenue Hotel, this city, Dec. 3, a number of turfmen from different sections of the country being present. The chair was occupied first by Vice-president Horne, and the other members of the Board present were William Edwards of Cleveland, George Sturges of Philadelphia, and Chas. L. Hunt of St. Louis. The business before the Board, consisting mainly of applications for the removal of suspension or expulsion and for reinstatement, was sufficiently great to necessitate a continuance of the session throughout the week. Of the decisions promulgated the more important were as follows: In the case of William Hodgman of Detroit, driver of Jay Hawker, Hopes, and who was suspended by one association and expelled by another two years ago, the Board decided to temporarily relieve him of all responsibility until the next meeting of the body. In the Charles S. Green and Edwin Forrest matter, the Board found the evidence adduced was conflicting, and that branch of the case was dismissed, as were also the charges made against Dan Mace in the same case; while as regards other persons heretofore placed under penalty for wrong-doing by decision of the Union Board the board adhered to its former action, and ordered the case dismissed, which conclusion releases Augustus Glidden, M. Higby and John T. Biggs. An order was entered directing the suspension of Jas. H. Littlefield, driver of Judge Fullerton, Jr., for violation of the rules, and they were ordered to return the premiums wrongfully obtained at St. Louis. In the case of J. H. Phillips against Williams & Son of Parkville, N. Y., the latter were suspended until they pay back the entrance-fee wrongfully received. In the case of Dolan of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., against the Farmers and Manufacturers' Company of Danbury, Ct., the suspension was removed as to Dolan, but not disturbed as to the horses Tons and Chas. Hayden. George, Jeromicia, L. Wright, Wright, Bridgport, Vt., John Wood, Ilion, N. Y., and G. W. Brown, Chicago, were granted temporary relief from expulsion. S. W. Jones, Brattleboro, Vt., Joseph Bradley, Allegheny, Pa., M. W. Olcott, New York, and Monson Christie of Dover, Del., were reinstated. The applications made by Pierce, Ingraham and Wm. S. McLaughlin, Romeo, Mich., for reinstatement, were not granted. The claim of J. P. Nunmy against the Columbia Driving Park Association of Stamford, Ct., was denied, and in the case of Alden Goldsmith at Beacon Park, Boston, the horse Alley was restored because the judges failed to implicate Mr. Goldsmith.

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AQUATIC.

OARSMEN IN THE BALLROOM.—The Arlel Boat Club, one of the live clubs on the Passaic River, Newark, N. J., gave their first annual ball and reception at the Academy of Music Monday, Dec. 1. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. There were flags representing boat-clubs in New York, Brooklyn, Hoboken, Passaic and Newark, and at the upper end of the hall were photographs of the Ariel's six-oared crews and the prizes which they have won. The attendance was large, among the number being prominent oarsmen from New York and Newark. The dancing programme was well attended to by Geo. Hinterleitner as floor-manager, with J. Richelmer, W. Baine, W. S. McLarnon and F. Freeman, as assistants. The first ball of the Ariels proved a success in every way.

THE MARYLAND YACHT CLUB on Dec. 1 held an election at Baltimore, Md., with this result: President, Malcolm Crichton; vice-president, B. F. Ulman; treasurer, Capt. John Rogers; secretaries, John Dobson, G. Edward Webb; directors—M. Crichton, B. F. Ulman, John Dobson, James Shuter, D. Pinkney West, G. Ed. Webb, James R. Busey, R. W. Hays. The club was shown to be out of debt and in a flourishing condition.

THE FRIENDSHIP BOAT CLUB have had to vacate their old headquarters, at the foot of Twenty-eighth street, E. R., the Corporation Counsel having informed the Dock Commissioners that they had no power to allow the property to be used for any other than commercial purposes.

WALLACE ROSS has authorized the editor of *The London Sportsman* to make a match for him with John Hawdon of Delaval, Eng., for £200 a side, on the Thames championship course, Ross to receive £20 for expenses; or he will give the Englishman the same amount if he will consent to row at Plympton, Mass.

THE ELECTRIC BOAT AND ATHLETIC CLUB will hold their fourth annual ball at Turn Hall, East Fourth street, near Bowery, on Monday evening, Dec. 15.

CHAS. E. COURTNEY is notified that there is a foreign letter lying at this office for him.

BASEBALL.

THE LEAGUE CONVENTION OF 1879.

Never before in the brief history of the League Association has its sectional character been so plainly and boldly exhibited as at the Buffalo Convention of last week, a full report of which is appended. The Boston and Providence papers, not to mention those of other Eastern cities, openly advocated the adoption of a more liberal and national policy of management for the coming season, but without avail.

MEETING OF LEAGUE DIRECTORS.

A meeting of the League Board of Directors took place on Wednesday morning, Dec. 3, in the parlor of Pierce's Palace Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., the members of the Board present being Messrs. Hulbert of Chicago, Root of Providence, and Evans of Cleveland. Mr. Nef of the Cincinnati Club was not present, and Mr. Soden of the Boston Club was elected to fill the vacancy, and Mr. Sage of Buffalo was elected in the place of Mr. White of Syracuse. N. E. Young, secretary of the League, occupied the secretary's chair. The first business after the election of Messrs. Soden and Sage was to award the League pennant, and this was done on the basis of the following record:

	Games Played.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games to Play.	Per Cent. Won.	Per Cent. Lost.	Per Cent. Played.	Per Cent. Wonders Counting.	Per Cent. Losers Counting.
Providence	85	59	26	0	.694	.306	85	59	26
Boston	85	54	31	0	.635	.365	85	54	31
Buffalo	85	46	39	0	.541	.459	85	46	39
Chicago	85	44	41	0	.518	.482	85	44	41
Cincinnati	85	44	41	0	.518	.482	85	44	41
Cleveland	85	32	53	0	.376	.624	85	32	53
Troy	85	19	66	0	.224	.776	85	19	66
Syracuse	85	17	68	0	.200	.800	85	17	68

	Games Lost.	Games Won.	Games to Play.	Per Cent. Won.	Per Cent. Lost.	Per Cent. Played.	Per Cent. Wonders Counting.	Per Cent. Losers Counting.
Games lost	25	30	33	.545	.455	58	.616	.384

It will be seen by the above figures that in the recorded games played, won and lost, Chicago occupies fourth place, owing to that club's having sustained one more defeat than the Buffalo Club; but by the counting of the game Cincinnati vs. Chicago, which was declared forfeited by the umpire, by the Cincinnatis, the Chicagos take third place in the count, according to the decision of the League Board of Directors.

The application of Messrs. Thorner and Caylor for admission of the Troy Club of Cincinnati to take the place of the Cincinnati Club in the League for 1880 was then brought up before the Board, together with other applications, one of which was made by Mr. Hewitt on behalf of the National Club of Washington. In this matter Messrs. Sage, Root and Evans were appointed a committee, and they reported in favor of the admission of the new club from Cincinnati, which desired to enter the League unconditionally, fully endorsing the present management and the financial policy of the League. The report was adopted, and the names of the two delegates from the Cincinnati Stars thereupon were duly entered on the secretary's book. The National Club, through Mr. Hewitt, made a qualified application, stating the conditions upon which they would like to enter, one of which was a reduction in the League tariff. This was enough to have the League doors shut upon them, and they were finally informed that they would be permitted to withdraw their application. The text of the application was as follows:

WASHINGTON, NOV 15, 1879.

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL CLUBS:—The National Club of this city hereby respectfully applies for League membership on either of the two following conditions, viz.: First, we desire to charge twenty-five cents admission for all games played at our grounds. Second, we shall give and take one hundred dollars for each championship game played, and the balance of the receipts (in each instance) to go to the home club, and each club shall give and take a less of fixing the price of admission to its own grounds. The latter proposition will make every club dependent entirely upon home receipts for support, and make it self-sustaining.

We would respectfully say we have a population of over 160,000, that our club is regularly organized, and we hereby pledge ourselves to faithfully and honorably meet any engagement and obligation to which we become a party. Trusting our application will be favorably considered, we remain, Yours respectfully, F. P. DUNKLEE, President. J. Y. POTTS, Secretary.

The Worcester Club, represented by Mr. Bancroft, while making no formal application for membership, let it be understood that if "Buffalo will," provided the League tariff was reduced; but the fiat had gone forth that the half-dollar admission-fee was to be sustained, Chicago, Cincinnati and Cleveland favoring it; and, as this was the case, the others were obliged to succumb.

On motion, the resignation of the old Cincinnati Club was placed on file, which was fantamount to an acceptance. The Syracuse Club was declared expelled on account of its failure to play out its scheduled games, thereby violating the League rules. The meeting, by a majority-vote, then declared the match game between the Cincinnati and Chicago Clubs, scheduled for Aug. 8, but postponed to Aug. 13, as forfeited to the Chicago Club. In case of this decision it is only necessary to state that, on the day the Chicagos claimed forfeit, it rained heavily in the morning, and in the afternoon the grounds were unfit to be played on. Not only is the decision in violation of the League championship rules, but it is in direct opposition to a decision rendered by Mr. Hulbert himself in the case of the similar disputed game of May 16 between the Cleveland and Syracuse Clubs. In Section 8 of the League championship rules there is a clause which reads as follows: "Postponed games shall not count in the series in favor of either contestant." In the case of the Cleveland and Syracuse game, which was scheduled to be played May 15, it rained on that day, and next day the Stars were on the field, and, though the grounds were unfit to play on, they claimed forfeit. Mr. Hulbert was appealed to on the subject, and his "official" declaration was to the effect that "there could be no such game as a forfeited game;" that it "was no game." In the case of the Cincinnati and Chicago game, rain prevented the match on the schedule-day, and the Chicagos were on the field ready to play the next day, but the field was not fit to play on. Nevertheless, they claimed the match. It was a direct case to the Cleveland-Syracuse match, which Mr. Hulbert had declared no forfeit.

The next matter of importance acted upon was the application of McKinnon of the Troys for reinstatement. His application was denied, though strong justice called for his reinstatement. Unfortunately for McKinnon, he was not in Nolan's position, or, like Nolan, the League would have accommodated the Chicago Club by reinstating him. The alleged violation of League law was even more venial in its character than that of Nolan, no question of any crooked play being involved in it; had it been, there might have been some warrant for the denial. As it was, there was no excuse whatever. Craver again applied for reinstatement, and, of course, his request was promptly refused. On motion, N. E. Young was unanimously re-elected secretary. The Board then adjourned sine die.

THE CONVENTION.

The regular annual League meeting of 1879 was called for Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 2 P. M., at which time the following delegates presented their credentials: Boston, A. H. Soden and Harry Wright; Buffalo, J. R. Sage and Ed. B. Smith; Chicago, W. A. Hulbert and A. G. Spalding; Cincinnati, Justin Thorner and O. P. Caylor; Cleveland, A. J. Evans; Providence, H. T. Root; Troy, G. Earl and C. R. De Freest. The National Club was represented by R. C. Hewitt, and the Worcester Club by F. C. Bancroft.

The first business was the adoption of the report of the Board of Directors, after which the rules were temporarily suspended in order to admit the Cincinnati delegates to seats in the convention, the new club being elected by a unanimous vote. The privilege of seats in the convention—without a vote —was accorded to Messrs. Mahn and Howland, baseball manufacturers and Harry Wright's partners, as also to Messrs. Hewitt of Washington and Bancroft of Worcester; but the press-reporters of Buffalo were excluded. The meeting then resolved to itself into a committee of business, as follows: First, reading of minutes; second, report of directors; third, admission of new clubs; fourth, amendment of constitution; fifth, amendment of playing rules; sixth, election of officers; seventh, miscellaneous business; eighth, adjournment. Under this new order of business parts of the constitution came up for action after the other business had been attended to, and a series of amendments made by President Hulbert were submitted and adopted, the most important of which were as follow:

1. A new section three, was amended, giving each club the power to suspend one of its players.

2. A new section was inserted in this article, as follows: "Any player contract with a League club which shall be guilty of drunkenness or insubordination, may be suspended by such clubs for the remainder of the season, or for the remainder of the term of the existing contract, at the option of such club, and during the period of said suspension such player shall be disqualified from playing in or connection with League." The object of this new law is to punish offenders who do not deserve the severe penalty of perpetual expulsion.

[This was a much-needed change. It fully carries out the suggestion of THE CLIPPER in reference to making a distinction between the punishment of crooked play and that for venial offenses.]

3. Section 7 was so amended as to give any club the right to play games with any other club whose grounds are not within four miles of the corporate limits of said League club. That gives to Troy the power to allow their club to play games during the League season prior to May 1 with their rivals, the Albanys. But it does not give permission to play outside clubs during the League championship season.

Section 9 was amended so as to make the penalty lay with the player instead of the organization under which they have such player in their employ. As soon as such player be discharged the disability will be removed.

The fourth paragraphs of Section 1, and all of Section 2, Article II, were stricken out, because the new contract rules to be agreed to will cover the same ground.

An effort was made to have the law against Sunday playing repealed, but it failed. The League teams played on Sunday in San Francisco.

A new section was added, giving the home-club the right to enforce its ground-rules on the visiting clubs.

In reference to playing schedule dates, it was decided that these dates could no longer be changed by the mutual consent of two contesting clubs, but only by the written consent of all the clubs playing in the championship arena.

The constitution was so amended that postponed games must be played off at all hazards, unless the visiting club is compelled to leave to fill its League dates elsewhere.

After the constitution had been revised, the Convention adjourned until evening, when the playing rules were taken up in order. In this matter, too, the board adhered to its former action, and ordered the case dismissed, which conclusion releases Augustus Glidden, M. Higby and John T. Biggs. An order was entered directing the suspension of Jas. H. Littlefield, driver of Judge Fullerton, Jr., for violation of the rules, and they were ordered to return the premiums wrongfully obtained at St. Louis. In the case of J. H. Phillips against Williams & Son of Parkville, N. Y., the latter were suspended until they pay back the entrance-fee wrongfully received. In the case of Dolan of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., against the Farmers and Manufacturers' Company of Danbury, Ct., the suspension was removed as to Dolan, but not disturbed as to the horses Tons and Chas. Hayden. George, Jeromicia, L. Wright, Wright, Bridgport, Vt., John Wood, Ilion, N. Y., and G. W. Brown, Chicago, were granted temporary relief from expulsion. S. W. Jones, Brattleboro, Vt., Joseph Bradley, Allegheny, Pa., M. W. Olcott, New York, and Monson Christie of Dover, Del., were reinstated. The applications made by Pierce, Ingraham and Wm. S. McLaughlin, Romeo, Mich., for reinstatement, were not granted. The claim of J. P. Nunmy against the Columbia Driving Park Association of Stamford, Ct., was denied, and in the case of Alden Goldsmith at Beacon Park, Boston, the horse Alley was restored because the judges failed to implicate Mr. Goldsmith.

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THE TRIGGER.

BOGARDUS' UNDERTAKING.

Underneath we present two communications which do not call for explanation further than to say that the letter addressed to Mr. Bogardus and W. F. Carver was to have been Captain Bogardus' opponent, and the latter now undertakes this feat because he desires to eclipse the Doctor's record of 5,500 glass balls broken in the time mentioned, 450m. Now, the latter's record is 5,000 balls, made by Carver used Winchester repeating rifles, the balls were thrown up by hand about twelve feet from the muzzle of the gun, and assistants loaded, clean d, and cooled the rifles. It will be readily perceived that the performance of the latter will be by no means easy, considerably more difficult. We hold the one thousand dollars alluded to in the letter.

CAPTAIN A. H. BOGARDUS—*Dear Sir*: Understanding that you are desirous of a match at 10,000 live glass balls which was to have taken place this Fall, but, your opponent being absent it cannot come off, we hereby deposit in the hands of the Sporting Editor of the Clipper the sum of one thousand dollars, to be forfeited to you if you shoot, within the following conditions, viz.: First, we desire to charge twenty-five cents admission for all games played, and the balance of the receipts (in each instance) to go to the home club, and each club shall give and take one hundred dollars for each championship game played, and the balance of the receipts (in each instance) to go to the home club, and each club shall give and take a less of fixing the price of admission to its own grounds. The latter proposition will make every club dependent entirely upon home receipts for support, and make it self-sustaining.

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THE HARE-AND-HOUNDS

of Harvard University had a run on Saturday, Dec. 6. The hares were Mann'ng and Thatcher, and the hounds numbered about forty. The start was made from the college grounds, and considerable commotion was created among the staid Cambridgeites at sight of so many brightly-costumed collegians dashing like mad through the streets and alleys, and bounding recklessly over the fences of the quiet old town on their devious way to the open country. The hares led their followers a lively dance through Brighton, and as far as the top of Carey Hill, in Brookline, where their paper gave out, and, laying a bag on a stone, they ran to a hostelry hard-by to get some more ammunition. While they were away the vanguard of the pursuers came up, and upon seeing the bag they immediately turned and made tracks for home, which was reached by Morrison and Thorndyke three minutes ahead of the hares. Simmons, '81, sprained his ankle during the run.

DANIEL O'LEARY AND F. J. ENGELHARDT

have made arrangements for a seventy-two-hours (12 hours daily) go-as-you-please race, to take place at the Coliseum, Pittsburg, Pa., during Christmas week. The prizes consist of a gold medal and $500 to first, $300 to second, $200 to third, $100 to fourth, $50 to fifth, and $25 for the best performance in last twelve hours by any man taking a place. All the prizes will be paid in the yellow coin of the republic. The entrance-fee is $25, which amount must be sent to F. J. Engelhardt, Pittsburg, Pa., not later than Dec. 18. The previous similar entertainments promoted by the same parties furnish sufficient guarantee that everything will be carried out in a satisfactory manner—something that cannot be said of other pedestrian contests which have been witnessed in the Iron City.

HORNBY AND THATCHER.

The three-mile contest between these men took place at Sheffield, Eng., Nov. 24. Hornby, who stands 6ft. high and had 1 min. start, was made favorite after the satisfactory result of his trials. He went away at a rare pace, and had covered fully 250 yards before Thatcher was sent off in pursuit. The ground, owing to previous snow and frost, was slippery in places, but in rare going order notwithstanding. After going half the distance it was apparent that Thatcher would have to go much faster than he was doing to catch his opponent, on whom 30 to 20 were now offered freely without response. Hornby still kept pegging away, and ultimately won easily by about 300 yards. The winner's time for the three miles was 22min. 3sec., and Thatcher's 21min. 54sec. Subsequent to their performance in the morning, Thatcher and Hornby met at the Trent Bridge Grounds, Nottingham, to decide their second match. Thatcher conceding two and a half minutes' start in seven miles. Nineteen laps and 150 yards were required to complete the specified distance, and before Thatcher was let go his opponent had placed fully 310 yards to his credit. It was past four o'clock before the start took place; and, when darkness intervened and the referee put a stop to the proceedings, the distance traversed by Hornby was eleven laps, while Thatcher, who had gained something like 300 yards, was credited with ten laps.

FRASER vs. WELSHER.

A meeting was held in THE CLIPPER office on Monday morning, Dec. 8, by John Fraser and John Welsher, athletic athletes and present shoemakers for the fraternity and the public at large. They agreed to test their relative abilities at the games comprised in the regular programme for the amateur championship meeting, barring the three-mile run, seven-mile walk, and pole-jump. The competitions will take place some time during the winter, on the first and second Monday in May, 1880, and no charge will be made for admission to the grounds, as the contestants do not actually engage for a money prize, but are simply anxious to settle a question which has arisen regarding their relative abilities. The match is for $50 a side, and the better of the money is to be staked here at the last Monday in April next, before 4 o'clock P. M. All races will be started by pistol-shot.

THE ASTLEY BELT.—The following, which will show how far it removed from the province of actual sport are these six-day gate-money grabs, is taken from *The London Sporting Life* of Nov. 26: "Charles Rowell (the holder of the trophy) has declared that the next match for the belt shall take place in England, on a date hereafter to be mutually agreed between himself and challenger. Rowell suggests that the match be fixed for the first or second week in April, if the challenger desires it; but any other date, he will accede to their wishes. Thomas Davis (Panchon's backer) has written us, stating that should the next match for the belt not be fixed to take place in America, he will withdraw his deposit (£100), and O'Leary also wishes his deposit of £25 returned."

A FOOT-RACE took place Dec 4 at Farmer City, Ill., between James Watson and Matheson for $1,000 a side. Matheson won by six feet. Matheson is supposed to be Matt. Floyd, late of Colorado.

JACK GOULDING will benefit by some games which will be held at Madison-square Garden, this city, on Monday evening, Dec. 29. Professionals and amateurs will be attended to.

IT IS CLAIMED by C. B. Clark, winner of the 25-mile walk at the Knickerbocker A. C. games last week, walked but 24¾ miles.

OWING to the thunderstorm, the rink at Rahway, N. J., was not opened Dec. 6, as was intended.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Jim Smith and Dan O'Leary.

THE RING.

THE SPARRING EXHIBITION

given for the joint benefit of Harry Kimberly, beFaced Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards, at the Opera-house, Johnstown, Pa., on Saturday evening, Dec. 6 drew a crowded house, and was voted the most satisfactory affair of the kind yet witnessed in the old iron-manufacturing town. Kimberly set-to with Johnny Lafferty, formerly known as Sam Collyer, and George Seddons near St. Louis, Edwards and Chambers wound up the show, and the local talent who assisted comprised Chris. Black and Chris Osborne, Paddy Carey and John Parks, and William Taylor and William Minds, the latter a boy making a very laughable act-to. There was also singing and dancing by local performers. Edwards and Chambers give a show at the Opera-house, Altoona, Pa., Dec. 13, and will be assisted by Kimberly and Lafferty, together with boxers whose fame is confined to the railroad village.

WHITE VS. KELLY.—Frank White attended at this office on Friday afternoon, Dec. 5, at the hour appointed by him for a meeting with Jimmy Kelly, whom he persists in styling his "Accidental Conqueror;" but the latter did not show up, after waiting more than a reasonable time for Jimmy to appear. Frank took down his fifty-dollar deposit and left, expressing himself satisfied that Kelly didn't mean to fight him again.

YOUNG MURPHY, the tough light-weight, who recently had such a rattling set-to with Frank White, will be the recipient of a benefit at Regan's handball and racket court, 404 Madison street, this city, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 16. He informs us that White will wind-up with him, and another installment of slashing work may therefore be expected.

TOM STURCK AND J. COOK fought in private for a purse in London, Eng., Nov. 18. After they had been engaged nearly two hours Cook was knocked off his feet, and, an old fracture in one of his legs again giving away, he could not resume. He appeared to be the stronger man at the time of the accident.

BILLY FRAZIER is now giving boxing lessons to students of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct. He had a benefit before leaving Williamstown, Mass., and wound up with H. H. Chilson of Northampton.

RING WILLIAMS the boxer, formerly of Virginia City, Nevada, died in Tuscarora recently.

JIMMY KELLY'S friends and admirers assembled in force at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 4, when Master James was announced to be the receiver-general of the dollars of our friend. The entertainment was of the most satisfactory description, except to those who may have been led to believe that Frank White would wind-up with the beneficiary. The boxing included set-to between Jack Moore and Johnny Reilly, Young Murphy and Geo. Taylor, Billy Fields, and Mulevy, Jerry Berand and Furey, Murphy and Yorke, Hogan and Bracken, Nettie Burt and Libbie Rose, and Reilly and his old opponent, Seddons' Mouse, as a finisher. The regular company also appeared "between times" in a pleasing olio. Uncle Tovee was captain general of the forces.

PROFS. WATSON AND CHARLES MILLER fought with gloves, for a $50 cup and purse, at a hall in London, Eng., on Monday, Nov. 24. The former is 29yrs. old, stands 5ft. 8¾in. in height, and scales 157lb.; Miller, 26yrs., 5ft. 7in., 154lb. They fought according to the Queensberry rules as applied to glove-fighting, and Watson won in 1h. 17m. 10s., he getting the verdict on Miller's failure to get on his feet in the third round. The latter, however, was dead beat. The winner was picked up by Jack Hicks and an assistant, while Jim Goode and Mickey Rees were the attendants of Miller.

JOHNNY REILLY is up for a testimonial benefit at Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre, 26 East Houston street, this afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 18, when he intends to make a strong effort to do the efforts of all others who have preceded him in the way of attractions. The wind-up will be between Shiba and that accomplished Quaker City professor of the art Johnny Clark and ought to be a treat to witness.

JIMMY ELLIOTT and Mike Donovan take a job at benefit at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., on New-Year's eve, when a programme rich with good things in the way of boxing exhibitions by prominent professionals of that and other cities, wrestling contests, and other performances requiring strength and skill is promised.

JOHN H. CLARK has opened his new saloon and pool-tables at 118 Vine street, below Second, Philadelphia.

GEORGE MANTZ, a prominent sporting man of Washington, D. C., was on a visit to the metropolis and City of Churches last week, and under the pilotage of Alderman Daniel O'Connell (whose guest he was) and other friends in Brooklyn he managed to get a good square look at about all any live man could see in the same space of time.

NEW & CHAMBERS have dissolved partnership in Philadelphia. Lou Chambers has opened a concert and sparring rooms on Germantown avenue below Columbia, about a block from where he was located before.

DICK HOLLYWOOD is proprietor of a sporting-house known as "Hollywood's Place," at 171 Central avenue, Cincinnati, O., and report says sauve Richard doeth well.

HARRY HICKEN will take a benefit Dec. 22 at William New's Racket Court, 1,608 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, and will wind-up with John H. Clark.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 303.

DEAD.—Thomas W. Davey, the well-known manager of the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house, died at his res dence, 141 Cass street, about 7 o'clock P. M. Dec. 4, after a painful illness of over six months' duration. To his intimate friends his demise was not wholly unexpected. When he appeared upon the stage May 12 last, the occasion of his annual benefit, to return his thanks to those present, it was noticed that his usual spirit of freshness and elasticity had given place to a wan and haggard appearance. After the close of his season, by medical advice he delayed for some time his departure for New York to make engagements for the present season, but chafing under the restraint, he left with his family early in July, and proceeding as far as Cresson, Pa., he rested for a time and rapidly improved. Returning to Detroit, on the influence of the mountain air. Shortly after he came to this city, and, unfavorable symptoms developing themselves, he went to the seaside at Asbury Park, N. J. Finding that the ocean breezes did him little good, he returned here, and, after being confined to his hotel for some days, he gave up all thoughts of business, and confided his immediate affairs to the gentlemen associated with him, and in the latter part of August was taken to his home in Detroit in a helpless condition. Since that time he had been confined to the house, save for about a fortnight's drive, when he rode out daily. New complications in his malady appeared, and he faded from day to day. Mentally, however, he continued strong until about a month ago, directing by mail, telegraph and personally his theatrical business. His attention was gradually drawn from his dramatic affairs, and he became at length utterly helpless. His malady, which affected his kidneys and liver, baffled the skill of his physicians; and, as he was unable to retain much nourishment, and none of a solid nature, he became greatly emaciated. Upon the morning of Dec. 4 he became unconscious, and so continued until his spirit passed away. Thomas William Davey was a native of New Haven, a small seaport in the county of Sussex, Eng., 56 miles south of London. There are some conflicting statements concerning his exact age, but it is believed that he was born Dec. 22, 1830, and was therefore nearly 49 years of age. He had frequently said that he was nearly 60, but he was so fond of jesting that he was probably not in earnest. Mr. Davey was the son of Edmond Davey, a farmer, who came to America with his family in 1849, and is now living in Montreal with one of his two married daughters. There were two other sons. One died: the other went to Australia, and has never been heard from. Mr. Davey's only relative in the United States is a cousin, Mr. Samuel H. Roberts, who resides in Detroit, and this relationship was unknown to either until a few months ago. In his native land Mr. Davey learned the trade of carriage-painting. Upon arriving in America he developed a fancy for the stage, and when 20 years of age commenced professional engagements with a company traveling through Canada. Subsequently he went to the old Academy of Music in Buffalo, then managed by the elder Meech, and played there for some time. His early movements are difficult to trace, especially as he was a man who rarely spoke of himself, except to relate some droll incident in which he had figured. He was engaged in 1856-7 in was second low comedian at Macfarland's old Metropolitan Theatre, now the Theatre Comique, Detroit. In 1857 Mr. Davey was principal comedian at the first managerial venture by playing a small company through Kentucky. The following year again found him at the Metropolitan in Detroit, then under T. Sherlock's management. In 1859 he went to De Bar's Theatre, St. Louis. While Mr. Davey played many parts in his time, he generally confined himself to comedy roles. He never attained any marked distinction as an actor, but his assiduous ability and close attention to details made him an admirable stage-manager. When "Panchon the Circle" first produced at Macready & Forrest's, Chicago, Mr. Davey was the stage-director. In 1860 he became stage-manager of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans also managed by De Bar, and he did valuable service there and St. Louis for several seasons. In 1865 he left De Bar's, and the following year went to Detroit, and with Dr. Palmer assumed the management of the Detroit Opera-house. Afterward, they transformed the Olympic and devoted chiefly to the spectacular drama. In 1857 8, in partnership with G. A. Hough, he traveled with a small repertoire company. The leading star, presenting "The Black Crook." "Seven Sisters" and "White Fawn." In 1868 9 he again went South with the same company, and in 1870 managed McDonough's Atlantic Novelty Combination. In 1871 he assumed the management for Ben De Bar of the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre, and the year following went into the circus business with J. M. Nixon. While in Memphis, in 1873 he contracted a severe illness, came North, and spent some months at Collinwood, Ont., and quite recovered. The following year he assumed a partnership with Joseph Brooks in the management of the Memphis Theatre, and he had retained that interest ever since. In 1876 he assumed the management of Lawrence Barrett, and retained it until last Spring. When Whitney's Opera-house in Detroit was built, Mr. Davey became the manager, and remained there for seasons. In the Fall of 1877 he became the manager of the Detroit Opera-house, which position he occupied until his death. He was also interested this season in Leubrie's new Memphis Theatre. He was manager of the Davey Sports' Combination, and had numerous minor interests. Robson and Crane were under engagement to him for several years later in the season. Mr. Davey was twice married, left a widow and daughter seven years of age, together with a daughter of sixteen years, the fruit of his first union, who is professionally known as Minnie Maidern, and is now playing Clip in B. Macauley's "Messenger from Jarvis Section." Mr. Davey was in well-to-do circumstances, and possessed a life insurance of $4,000 in addition to an estate of considerable value. Of late years he was seldom seen upon the stage. In 1875 he played Master Modus in "The Hunchback" for Mrs. Bowers' benefit at Bowers's Opera-house, and his last appearance was at the Detroit Opera-house, Feb. 1 last year, when he played Raoul in "A Celebrated Case," J. W. Collier, to whom the part was allotted, being too ill to appear. Concerning Mr. Davey's was much liked by all with whom he came in contact, being of a jovial, kindly disposition, and of a free and open nature in business matters, and so scrupulous in the fulfilment of his obligations that his word was ever regarded as good as a bond. His performances were always charitable and in the most unostentatious manner, and many a heart will ache with truth when it learns that genial Tom Davey is no more. The Detroit Opera-house was closed after his demise, and its front was draped with mourning emblems, and the flag, adorned with black, hung at half-mast. The following telegrams, received from different parts of the country, will show the estimation in which he was held by professionals:

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 5.—Place on the coffin of my dead friend and dear old manager some flowers and you would offer to your dearest lost one. Say to the widow that while I survive she shall not need a friend. (Signed) JOHN LAWRENCE BARRETT.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 5.—Our sincerest, heartfelt sympathy in your great affliction. A good man and a staunch friend. Words cannot express our great sorrow. MR. AND MRS. EDWIN BOOTH.

TO MRS. DAVEY.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 5.—I am terribly cast down by the sad intelligence of your loss. Davey was a noble man, and tender you my heartfelt sympathy. He was the dearest friend I had. JOHN NORTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 5.—Mr. McCullough and myself, with all the members of the company, sympathize with you in your hour of grief and sadness.

WM. M. CONNOR.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Dec. 5.—Accept my heartfelt sympathy. Will write to-morrow. JOHN RICKABY.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—Deeply and sincerely do we condole with the family and friends, for he was a loving husband, a faithful, dear friend, and a man. SIMMONDS & BROWN.

CHICAGO Dec. 5.—Before receiving telegram, had mailed letter regretting that I could not be present, and giving you a commission to attend to my funeral.

TO G. A. HOUGH. J. H. MCVICKER.

ST. LOUIS, December 5.—Sad news. Accept my sincere heartfelt sympathy to his friends. R. E. STEVENS.

CINCINNATI, December 5.—Will be there Sunday morning. JOHN A. ELLIOTT.

WASHINGTON, December 5.—I have a handsome wreath made for poor Tom's funeral. W. M. CONNOR.

CHICAGO, December 5.—I am one of thousands who deeply regret Mr. Davey's death and sympathize with his family. I regret to say that it will be impossible for me to be present at the funeral. H. HAVERLY.

Manager Stevenson of the Jackson Opera-house telegraphed that he would be present at the funeral.

The funeral took place under the auspices of Oriental Lodge No. 240, F. and A. M., at Grace Church, Detroit, on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 7, the Rev. Dr. Stocking officiating, when a triple quartet, Spell's full orchestra, and the organ were employed in rendering the music. Members of the city having volunteered. From a letter from Col. T. Allston Brown (who attended the funeral), dated Dec. 6, we glean that among those in the manager's box were R. E. J. Miles of Cincinnati, J. Reid of Rochester. Henry and John Meech of Buffalo, Sam. G. Clay of the Michigan Circuit, and G. W. Stevenson of Toledo. These gentlemen, with Col. Brown and one other, were pall-bearers. The floral tributes were very profuse and handsome. The remains were to have been placed in a receiving vault, and a few weeks hence to be taken to Sandwich, Windsor, Ont., and deposited in the family lot.

TITO ITALINI, dancer and ballet-master, died of typhoid malarial fever, Dec. 5, in Baltimore, Md., where he had been for some months past engaged in one of the variety theatres. He was formerly of Sam Collyer and George Seddons' near St. Louis, Edwards and Chambers wound up the show, and the local talent who assisted comprised Chris. Black and Chris Osborne, Paddy Carey and John Parks, and William Taylor and William Minds, the latter a boy making a very laughable act-to. There was also singing and dancing by local performers. Edwards and Chambers give a show at the Opera-house, Altoona, Pa., Dec. 13, and will be assisted by Kimberly and Lafferty, together with boxers whose fame is confined to the railroad village.

THE BROOKLYN OPERA-HOUSE, which was last week in the hands of the Sheriff, under the claim of Charles Harrison the scenic-artist, will reopen this week under the management of Frank Bolton with a company including Foster and Hughes, Bernard McCredie, Harry Constantine, Harry Clarke, Rosa Celeste, Orwin Bros., Maud France, Maggie Woods, Mary Foster, Lulu Starks, and Lorrie Murdock. The admission-fees will be 25, 15, and 10 cents.

MLLE. DELMAR'S Female Troupe appear at the Olympic, Brooklyn, this week, in their specialties.

BALTIMORE LODGE No. 7 B. P. O. ELKS received their annual benefit at the Holliday-street Theatre Dec. 3, and were greeted by a large audience. The following programme was given, after an opening address delivered by James Bradford, Leading Knight:

The Great Ethiopian Eccentrics	
CHARLES DOCKSTADERS LEWIS	
in their genteel Ethiopian Specialty, "ORIGINALITY	
introducing their latest productions.	
The Accomplished Baltimore Vocalist MR. GEORGE E. M. CASTINE in his choice selection of vocalisms.	
The Refined Sketch Artists	
MATTIE STUART SISTERS ALICE,	
in their Specialty "Flirting in the Park," MEDLEY	
DUET, etc.	
The Great Banjo Artist (BRO.) ANDY COLLOM in his	
Banjo Songs, Solos, Medleys, Marches, etc.	
The Famous Celtic Comedians (BROS.) FAVOR and SHIELDS, in their Irish Songs, Dances, Reels, etc.	
The Brilliant Vocal Queen MR. J. KERNAN in a Bouquet of Entrancing Vocal Gems.	
The Great, Only, Original DELEHANTY and (BRO.) HENGLER, their new musical charact'r sketch	
A LADY-KILLER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.	
"So Do I" (Bro.) T. M. Hengler	
"O'Brien, with song and reel..... (Bro.) F. O'Brien	
THE ELKS' MARCH, written expressly and dedicated to Baltimore Lodge, No. 7, B. P. O. E., by PROF. ROSENBERGER.	
The greatest of all Irish comedians	
(BRO.) JOSEPH MURPHY,	

supported by his artistic dramatic company, who have kindly volunteered their services, in MR. FRED MARSDEN'S greatest work,

THE KERRY GOW.

Dan O'Hara, the Kerry Gow	Jos. Murphy
Major Gruff R. Rees Davis	Valentine Hay,
Patrick Drew A. Armstrong	Winston Murray
Raymond Bruce Fred Smith,	Paulina Rose,
Capt. Basil Sydney,	Mr. O'Drive Luke Martin
Hugh Fuller	Dennis Doyle,
Sergeant Bull R. I. Cavey	John S. Murphy
Boy Bill Miss Reli Dickson	
Peter Drew Miss M. Loduski Young	
Alice Doyle Miss Charlene Wadman	

This Entire Entertainment concluding with "AULD LANG SYNE," by the BROTHERHOOD OF ELKS.

Chairman Reception Committee, BRO. GEO. G. NACHMAN.

Committee on Finance, BROS. L. STRASBURGER, A. RUSSELL, J. MULLAY.

Advertising Committee, BROS. C. MULLAY and S. M. DAVIDSON.

The Baltimore Lodge has made the preparations to attend the session of the Grand Lodge that is to be held in New York on Dec. 14.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., the week were the Dockstaders, Lewis and Morris, Andy Collom, and Minnie Oscar Gray and Wm. T. Stephens in the drama of "Jack Sheppard and His Dogs." Business large. Closing 6: Minnie Oscar Gray and Wm. T. Stephens and the Dockstaders, to New York; Delehanty and Hengler, Washington; and the Stuart Sisters, Pittsburg. To arrive 8: Frank Bush, Lottie Grant, El Nino Eddie, Mabel Pearl, and Geo. A. Hill.....The arrivals at the Front-street Theatre were Sheehan and Jones, Manchester and Jennings, Lillie Western, Master Joe Roberts, and Texas Jack. Attendance large. Grace Garland, Marie Prescott, and Master Joe Roberts to join the Minnie Palmer Troupe; and Master Joe Roberts to join the Minnie Palmer Troupe; and Master Joe Roberts to join the Minnie Palmer Troupe; and Mike Cronin and Phil Lamb to Chicago. To open 8: The American Four—Pettingill, Daley, Gale and Hoey—Master Rice, Iona Lang, the Aikens, Daly and Trenbock, Jessie Weaver, and a host of others at the Odeon the new faces were Kitty Bell, Frank Livingstone, Minnie Lawton, Prof. Steen and wife, and Charley Morris. Bessie Bell disappointed. Raymond and Clifton left for Philadelphia. Announced: W. H. Oscar and Emma Whitney and Susie Lindon. Minnie Oscar Gray is having a version of "The French Spy" prepared for her, in which her dogs will appear in the combat-scene, and other new business be introduced.

AT TRIMBLE'S STANDARD THEATRE, Pittsburg, Pa., a minstrelsy first part was put on Dec. 8, with Harry Kelly and Tom Bulger as bones, J. Wright and E. Ball as tambos, and Charley McDonald as interlocutor. Afterwards Mack, Wright, Bulger and Ball, Lalelle Pianta, Charley McDonald and other performers appeared in specialties. Business improved. Miss Louisa C. Pomeroy's Burlesque Troupe and Blanche Schrider's Strawberry Festival were billed for Dec. 8.....Don Ferreyra, Russell Brothers, Wingfield and Gregory, Mulligan and Morris, Turner, Welsh and Harris, the Aikens, and Nina Bach constituted the new attractions at Harry Williams' Academy of Music Dec. 1. Attendance liberal. Closed 6: Don Ferreyra, to St. Louis; Russells, Cincinnati; Aikens, Baltimore; Virginia Tee, Cleveland; Mulligan and Adair, Chicago; Jessie Boyd, Buffalo; Mulligan and Adair, New York; and Wingfield and Gregory, Detroit. Arrivals 8: Sheehan and Jones, Jennie Shelton, the Winnetts, the Brothers, Ada Forrest, Homer and Rolly, and Stuart Sisters.....Pat Rooney's Combination gave performances at Liberty Hall Dec 4, 5 and 6, to a moderate average business.

MCINTYRE AND HEATH and McVickers and Saunders were the only fresh appearances at the Comique Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1. Departures 6: Minnie Clyde, Harry Woodson, to Chicago; Williams and Pickert, Pittsburg; Lillie Hall's company, Baltimore. Announced for 8: James Peakes, Annie Scott, Belle and Lillie Mack, O'Reardon, and Jackson and Keefe. Business moderate.....Full houses witnessed "The Black Crook" at the Globe Theatre, and the same play will be kept on another week.

BLANCHE SELWYN'S physician, who had previously despaired of saving her life, now entertains a hope of her recovery.

FANNY HERRING, who is in her fourth week at Ward's Opera-house, Paterson, N. J., is to open at the Volks', Brooklyn, on Dec. 15.

ACTS AND SKETCHES of every description can be purchased at Saul Bertrew's advertised address.

THE KAYE-MACK-BURLEY Specialty Co. Hughes have dissolved partnership. Nick Hughes advertises for a partner to do song and-dance and sketch business.

AT THE LONDON PALACE VARIETIES, Albany, N. Y., the attractions Dec 8 are announced as follows: Mooney, the singer, C. H. Klag, Carrie Stetson, and Alice Livingston. Departures: Miss Montague. Annie Rayner and Sheehan and McGlone. Business is reported good.

E. H. BANKER, character actor, vocalist and comedian, formerly of Banker and Mills, and Miss Florence Wells, burlesque, operatic and character sketch artist, appear in the populer vein made successful by the above named firm during the past four years. They can be engaged by addressing R. Fitzgerald, as per card.

F. F. LEVANTINE, the well-known and clever equilibrist, whose acts have met with considerable applause wherever he has performed, states that his acts, which are patented, have been used without his permission, and that he will in future prosecute all infringers.

AMATEUR.—In Philadelphia, Dec. 3, the Wheatley Dramatic Association played "Partners for Life."

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

MANAGER MISHLER is to present the Big Four Minstrels in Reading, Pa., Dec. 8, Pottsville 9, Easton 10, Bethlehem 11, Allentown 12, Norristown 13, Wilmington 15, Pottstown 16, Lebanon 17, Columbia 18, Harrisburg 19, Williamsport 20, Danville 22, Plymouth 23, Pittston 24, Wilkesbarre 25, and Scranton 26.

J. W. FREETH and Geo. Gale joined Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels in Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 2.

HARRY ROBINSON, late proprietor of Robinson's Minstrels, is open for an engagement. He can be addressed care of this office.

DAVE CARSON'S minstrel and variety troupe played in Colombo, Ceylon, Oct. 21.

THE CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS played in New Haven, Ct., Dec. 1, Meriden 2, Hartford 3, Holyoke, Mass., 4, Springfield 5, Worcester 6, and are to open in Providence, R. I., 8, 9. The company included J. M. Norcross, interlocutor; Cool Burgess, Ned Wambold and Ben Cotton, bones; John E. Henshaw, Alf Lawton and Jerry Cohan, tambos; Frank Campbell, W. S. Dunbar, Arthur McKown, W. H. Rice, the Crimmins Brothers—John, Steve and Mike—Eddie Manning, Pete Brassell and King, Markham and Donnelly.

SMITH, WALDRON, MORTON & MARTIN'S Big Four Minstrels still continue among the most attractive companies on the road. They have delighted their audiences by their musical efforts, and created any amount of laughter by their humorous and eccentric performances. The press-notices published in another column speak in the most flattering terms of their entertainment. One of the most taking features of their programme is the playing of the banjo-quintet, led by Jas. Kine, and including also Barney Kine, Harry Stanwood, and the Weston Brothers. The Kine Brothers also appear in musical specialties.

BILLY ARNOLD'S BIG TWELVE MINSTRELS disbanded Dec. 1. Most of the company returned to New Haven, Ct. Billy Arnold left there Dec. 6, for New York.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS are to play in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house Dec. 9, 10, and go to the Bijou Royal, Toronto, 11, 12, 13, instead of the Grand, lately destroyed by fire. Buffalo 16, 17.

HART REEVES' MINSTREL COMPANY, combined with the Eureka Brass and String Band, which was organized in Manchester, Va., some twelve months ago, will, after exhibiting there Dec. 11, 12, 13, start on a Southern tour, going to Charlottesville 15, Staunton 16, Lynchburg 17.

THE CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS made their appearance at the Opera-house, Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 2, before a fair-sized audience, and gave a satisfactory performance. The singing of J. M. Norcross, Frank Campbell and W. S. Dunbar in the first-part won deserved applause, while the comicalities of Cool Burgess and W. H. Rice created roars of laughter; the clog-tournament in which eleven dancers appear, and the zither solo of Prof. Eichorn were also pleasing features. The company is under the management of Charles H. Hicks.

HOOLEY & EMERSON'S MINSTRELS appear in Toronto, Ont., Dec. 8, 9, and Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are announced for Dec. 11, 12, 13.

EMERSON'S MEGATHERIAN MINSTRELS played in Buffalo N. Y., Dec. 5, 6, thence to Rochester 12, 13.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS is to be in Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 8, Troy 10, Albany 12.

SMITH, WALDRON, MORTON & MARTIN'S BIG FOUR MINSTRELS, who played in Albany, N. Y., Dec. 1, 2, are billed in Reading, Pa., 8, Pottsville 9, Wilkesbarre 10, Scranton 11, and East Bethlehem 12.

CONLEY'S VARIETIES, St. Paul, Minn., did a large business during the past week. The Kernan Sisters, Geo. Sloman, and the Collins Bros. open Dec. 8. Jem Dalton and Clara Wagner, Truedell and Bowers.

KRATING AND SANDS closed their engagement in the Vaudeville Theatre, San Antonio, Texas, because, as they inform us, the manager, Julius Michael, refused to pay them their salaries.

THE MARTINETTIS, Mauritius & Alfredo Pantomime and Specialty Troupe announce a few open dates. In a card elsewhere William Mauritius states that he is in no way connected with other parties assuming a similar name.

LEW JOHNSON'S COMBINATION will be in Greenup, Ky., Dec 8, Portsmouth, O., 9, 10. Letters can be addressed to them as per card.

EDITH LYLE, serio-comic, and Charles Glidden, in banjo songs and parodies, have been meeting with flattering success at the Vine-street Opera-house, Cincinnati, O.

FRANK HASSALL, black-face character change-artist and dialect comedian, advertises for engagements.

A VARIETY HALL OR GARDEN THEATRE in a New England town is ready for a manager. See "A. S.'s" card.

CHARLES WATERFIELD, Clooney and Ryan, Paddy and Ella Murphy, Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray were the arrivals at the Grand Central, Troy, N. Y., Dec. 1. Our correspondent remarks: "The chief attraction of the week was a sewing girl drama worked over by Stage-manager Burley into a local sketch called 'Duke O'Neil, or the Collar Girls of Troy.' A very eccentric tailor of Troy is styled 'Duke O'Neil,' owing to his remarkable dress and address, and Joe Hurley depicted him to an alspice. The house was crowded. Departures 6: Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray, to Philadelphia; Clooney and Sephs, J. A. Wood, G. A. Bernard, Crete Pulver and Charles Whitney.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Col. T. R. Toole and Andrew Haight.

FRANK MELVILLE has been engaged as principal equestrian by Adam Forepaugh; also James A. Robinson as contracting agent.

SELLS BROTHERS have purchased two hippopotamus and a rhinoceros.

CHARLES A. GARDNER is organizing two bands for Forepaugh.

WARM WORK is expected down East next Spring between Barnum, the London and Forepaugh.

CHARLES GARDNER, the well-known writer for 1880. Francis M. Kelsh has been secured for the advance force.

W. W. COLE ties up for the Winter in St. Louis instead of Memphis.

CHARLES WOODRUFF, for many years treasurer of Dan Rice's shows, died of pneumonia in St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 2. The remains were interred in Bellefontaine Cemetery.

MISCELLANEOUS.

APPLICANTS for copies of the last CLIPPER ALMANAC are informed that the whole of the editions, aggregating 25,000, are out of print; but THE ALMANAC for 1880 will be ready before the middle of January. Advertisers, however, will please bear in mind that the forms cannot be kept open later that Dec. 27, and copy should be sent in at once. See rates on another page.

MARCUS HERRMANN, magician and Punch-and-Judy performer, gave exhibitions at the Dime Museum in Peekskill, N. Y., the past week.

STREET-MEN in search of a new remedy for dyspepsia, etc., which can be made cheap and sells readily, are referred to Dr. N. Stoker's cure.

A PANORAMA or panorama is advertised for by "Manager."

AT A MEETING of the Board of Directors of the Kansas City (Mo.) Industrial Exposition an Agricultural Fair Association, Nov. 29, John Y. Leverage was elected secretary, vice D. L. Hall, resigned, and the date for next annual meeting was fixed definitely for Sept. 20 to 25, 1880.

PROF. H. LA VEER is to make high-rope ascensions in Tomsboro, Ga., Dec. 10, Tennille 11, Sandersville 12, Davisboro 13, Millers 15, Waynesboro 16.

PROF. ALEX. CAMPBELL, magician, is engaged in Washington, Pa., Dec. 1, Canonsburg 2, Hillsboro 3, Ceder Hill 4, Canonsburg 5, 6 (return visit), and is billed in Taylorstown 8, Claysville 9, West Alexandria 10, 11, Ellengrove 12, 13, Hanetown 15, Jacktown 16, Independence 17, Clinton 18, West Liberty, W. Va., 19, 20.

HON. GEO. R. WENDLING was to deliver his lecture "Ingersoll from a Secular Standpoint" on Dec. 3, at Bradford, Pa., but missed connection at Rochester, and did not arrive in time. Every seat in the house had been sold.

WOODROFF'S BOHEMIAN GLASSBLOWERS closed a week of good business in Horselleville, N. Y., Dec. 6, and are to open in Jamestown 8, for a week.

BUNNELL'S DIME MUSEUM did a good business last week in Peekskill, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN POULTRY ASSOCIATION will give its next annual exhibition in Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 8 to 15, 1880. The last meeting was held at Portland, Me., and was a gratifying success, 37,000 tickets being sold at the door..... Prof. Morris and trained dogs opened in Hamilton, Ont., Dec. 1, for a week.

THE CONGREGATIONAL LYCEUM BUREAU advertises the Hon. Schuyler Colfax to deliver his lecture "Across the Continent" in Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., Dec. 10.

PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR is to lecture on astronomy in Washington, D. C., Dec. 8, 12, 15.

CURIOSITIES and other features suitable for a museum are wanted by G. B. Bunnell, who advertises.

JOHN B. GOUGH is to lecture in New Haven, Ct., Dec. 10, when the Yale Glee Club are to take part in the exercises.

PROFS. CADWELL AND CARPENTER, in experiments in mesmerism, occupied the Grand Opera-house, New Haven, Ct., the past week, to large audiences.

A LADY-PARTNER in a magical entertainment is wanted by "Manager," who advertises.

BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE.—A. Guise, magician, writes to THE CLIPPER on Nov. 29: "While performing in the Coliseum Theatre, Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 24, I was bitten on my left thumb by one of my rattlesnakes; but by the aid of George Costello, advance agent of Adam Forepaugh, and Dr. Elston, I am able to sit up and walk about a little in the house to-day, although I have a constant pain in my left arm. I expect to be able to resume my performances in about two weeks."

DAVIS & CO., who advertise, want to know the whereabouts of Harry Cooke, exposer of spiritualism.

COL. J. P. SANFORD is to lecture in Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 18, Newport 19, Mechanicsburg 20, Clearfield 23, 24, Brookville 25, and Clarion 31, Jan. 1, 1880.

PROF BEACH and Mlle. La Salle in performances under water amused the visitors at a fair in Paterson, N. J., last week.

JAMES W. COZINE notifies the profession that he is not one of the hotel-runners, but is proprietor of the N. W Cozine House, Baltimore, Md. See card.

A GENTLEMAN and lady capable of giving magical performances are wanted by Duncan & Stewart, who advertise.

HARRY A. BOWIE, advance or assistant agent, advertises for an engagement.

A WORKING-AGENT who has had experience is wanted by J. H. Laine, whose address find in another column.

CURIOSITIES can find engagements at the American Dime Museum, this city. See Ufner & Middleton's advertisement.

STELLA PINCUS, the dwarf infant, is now among the attractions of Wood's Museum, Philadelphia.

C. A. CORBIN'S DIME MUSEUM in Fall River, Mass., and the proprietor advertises for curiosities.

THE COUR

WHEN TO "KICK."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MATT O'B.

It was in Atlanta, Georgia,
In Eighteen-sixty-eight,
That the incidents occurred
Which I will now relate.

In large letters, on a "dodger,"
I read: *Be sure to* "Go!
And see the comic Combination
To-night play 'F-A-Z-I-O.'"

'Twas long since I had seen it—
Some thirty years or more—
And I said "I'll go to-night,
And revive the days of yore."

I went. The play was well performed;
At times I'd bow my head,
For it brought back to my mind
Old actors, long since dead.

At the close I left the theatre,
Resolved to call next day
And tell —— of the "Combination"
How I was pleased with the play.

But I said he'll not appreciate
The thoughts that through me welled;
Besides, in seeing him off the stage,
The illusion would be dispelled.

So I went to the hotel, and to bed,
And thought with a tearful eye
Of the time when I first "Fazio" saw,
In "the happy days gone by."

I resolved that I would link these two
In my memory ever after;
But they were dissevered very soon
By uncontrollable laughter.

For, next day, going up the street,
What a sight that made me hum—
"The Great Combination" was parading,
And *Fazio beating the drum!*

MORAL.

In a "combination" play well your part;
Play all that they may pick;
But, when you're asked to play the drum,
Why, I think it's time to "kick."

Columbus, Ga., November, 1879.

AT EVERY HAZARD;

OR,

THE BLACKWELL ENTANGLEMENT

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year 1879.)

CHAPTER XV.—IN THE PARK.

Rolliner's feelings and opinions with regard to the Blackwells fluctuated oddly. He had no sooner parted with Dacey than the favorable influence of his presence vanished also. He felt doubtful of him again: things returned to his memory, and in the different light took a different shape.

How singular that the subject of the green carpet-bag should have come up! And yet was it not the most natural thing in the world that in a general conversation the topic with which the newspapers and the public had so recently been busy should be the very first to arise?

Those questions about Irene—what did they mean? Blackwell had evidently been smitten; had he any idea of trying his fortune in that direction? Or were his inquiries prompted merely by the curiosity which any young man feels towards a beautiful young lady who has unexpectedly excited his admiration? Did he really propose going into some business with his money, or were his hints on that subject made vague purposely?

For several days Richard Rolliner had a good deal to think about. His speculations grew no pleasanter or clearer with the lapse of time. Why did these things concern him at particulary? Under some circumstances would they have done so? I can't say. But I know that at present, upon a certain point, in the secrecy of his breast, the pressure of distrust was acute.

An idea occurred to him—how would it do to investigate something of the past history of these mysterious people—say, from the time of their arrival in Chicago? Such an inquiry could be conducted without others than those in the secret suspecting anything, and might develop facts of importance. Certainly would it make the general situation clearer and more satisfactory. But a reliable agent must be found. The professional detective is, it must be confessed, not in good repute; there were many reasons against the employment of such a person.

"Here is a service of a very delicate nature," argued Mr. Rolliner. "If I did not honestly believe Dacey Blackwell to be a rascal, I should consider myself about to act the most dishonorable part. At the moment I have placed the facts before my agent he has me in his power. He can, if he chooses and thinks it worth while, go to Blackwell and betray me. The first consideration with the professional *mouchard* is 'on which side can I make the most?' A rascal has a natural affinity for a rascal; his sympathies, where they did not conflict with his profit, would be with Blackwell. No; I shall not engage a professional."

Such a further reflection suggested a man eminently trustworthy and proper for the service—James Milhurst. He was poor, but he had ability and was to be depended on.

A note was at once despatched, and an hour later Milhurst made his appearance. He looked rather more melancholy than usual; but there was something refined and gentlemanlike about the poor fellow which even his tolerably shabby clothes failed to hide.

"Well, Jim, has luck been kinder since we last met?" asked Rolliner, after shaking his hand.

"Not much, sir;" and he told what he was doing—soliciting subscriptions, dunning for bad bills, making sales on commission where he could, and similiar unpromising work, such as people engage in who can find nothing better.

"Fortune is about to put on a broad grin, old fellow," said Rolliner kindly. "I think I can place you in the way of making considerable money."

So, in low tones, he proceeded to unfold his plans.

The two men were closeted together for fully an hour, during which Rolliner instructed his companion explicitly, and gave him a written outline of the service he required. Milhurst, quick and clear-headed, soon comprehended: and when he left it was understood that he was to go to Chicago at once.

Richard Rolliner had now taken the first aggressive step in a drama the end of which he could not see. He felt a little nervous, but had no idea of drawing back; and even with his anxiety there was already a certain sense of relief. That afternoon, on his gray horse, he took a long ride. The sun was sinking as he returned, at a walk, through the Park, fatigued, but with freshened spirits.

Other people had likewise taken advantage of the balmy weather; in the cavalcade that passed him he suddenly met Mr. Folroyd's carriage, and in it sat Mr. Folroyd himself and Constance Blackwell. Rolliner lifted his hat, and smiled rather mechanically, and would have proceeded on his way; but Miss Blackwell, raising her small gloved hand, signaled him.

He wheeled his horse and joined them.

"Taking the air, Mr. Rolliner?" said Miss Blackwell in her sweet, silvery tones. "A perfect afternoon, isn't it? People told me I should suffer everything from the Eastern climate; I find it charming.

"I tell her, Rolliner, that she must wait till later in the year before judging," laughed Arthur Folroyd.

"It would certainly be advisable," assented Rolliner. "You have quite recovered from your headache, Miss Blackwell?"

She looked for a second with a slight stare of bewilderment; but then replied:

"My headache? Oh, yes; it is quite gone, I am glad to say; and in fact it left me about two hours after I saw you. I heard all about the dinner, and have been devoured with regret ever since."

"I met your brother, Mr. Dacey Blackwell."

"So Mr. Folroyd told me," said the young lady rather shortly, and her smile subsiding a little. "A great many carriages out to-day. I am glad I came. What a beautiful gray horse you have!"

"He is admired. Your brother mentioned that he had met me, I suppose, Miss Blackwell?"

"I have not seen him," she replied carelessly. "I never see him, Mr. Rolliner, and I don't care to see him. Your horse looks a little wild, I think."

"He is very gentle, on the contrary. I have had him for some time, and I believe he is entirely trustworthy. Mr. Dacey Blackwell is a somewhat younger-looking man than I formerly supposed. We had a very agreeable drive in. He spoke of you several times."

This remark, however, did not seem to excite the lady's curiosity; she simply raised her finely-pencilled eyebrows and murmured a gentle "Ah!"

"I don't suppose he said anything favorable of me, Mr. Rolliner," she said languidly after an interval; "or, if he did, it was for a purpose; at all events, he did not mean it. He is cold, selfish and calculating, and cares for no one but himself."

Here was the same tone of dislike and contempt, even more marked than on previous occasions.

"Really, Constance, I think you wrong Dacey," said Arthur Folroyd, a little shocked. Never having a family himself, he knew nothing of family quarrels and hatred—show bitter they are, and too often how well founded. Her speech pained him.

"It is very dreadful for me to talk so, of course," she returned, with a little, cold laugh; "but I don't care. I know my brother better than anyone else can possible know him; and those who know me at all must have learned that it is not in my nature to wrong others, particularly him whom I should defend. But I have my reasons—and that is all I can tell you."

She spoke this, with a heightened color, sharply, as if she intended it should close the subject; and in fact, once more returning to the former topic, she added:

"I think most people distrust gray horses, Mr. Rolliner; my father, who had one, used to say so; he was run away with several times, and narrowly escaped being killed; and he sold him at last, very wisely. He fancied he was unlucky."

And so on she chatted for a while, and suddenly broke off to bow to two ladies who passed in a brougham. Rolliner, who bowed also, could not help showing, as he turned to Miss Blackwell again, some surprise.

"Old Mrs. Bryndle—such a funny old woman, isn't she? And Miss Bryndle, if anything, the odder of the two," laughed Constance. "But we had a delightful evening at her house night before last, I must confess; and I think it a shame that people should ridicule her so."

"You have met her?"

"That, I think, goes without saying, Mr. Rolliner. I should hardly speak to a stranger."

"I beg pardon; I did not know you had extended your circle of acquaintance," apologized Rolliner in some confusion; but inwardly he wondered how Miss Blackwell had contrived to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Bryndle, who was highly aristocratic and exclusive.

"Oh, yes; I go a great deal into society now," said the young lady. "I soon grew tired of moping at home, and made use of my letters of introduction, and Mr. Folroyd has also been of the greatest service to me in this respect. He has introduced me to a great many pleasant people. What is the use of remaining hermetically sealed up in one's house when there is so much pleasure to be found outside?"

"None at all, I am sure. You are doing the wisest thing possible in going out. You have a strong sense of the humorous, I perceive, and will find plenty of exercise for it in society. There are many people just as absurd as poor Mrs. Bryndle and her daughter."

"But I am afraid it is ill-natured to laugh at them, though one can hardly help it."

"Not always, perhaps."

He rather suspected that Miss Blackwell was not so scrupulous upon this point as she pretended.

The sun was quite down now, and it was time to go; and Mr. Rolliner, bidding his friend good-bye, turned his horse's head and resumed his way cityward.

His thoughts were busy again. So Miss Blackwell had entered society! He had heard about those letters with which she had come provided; but had she not once stated that she did not intend to make use of them? The very first circles, too. Wonder what people thought of her? Did they know anything about her mode of living? Some persons, particularly those of the highly aristocratic Bryndle type, make a great point of such things.

From his musing he was called up by the sound of his own name, and he saw, beckoning him with his thin cane, his friend, stout little Billy Cobbs, in his white hat and exaggerated English clothes, and with his red face and ginger whiskers. So Rolliner stopped until his friend Billy had cut across the grass, with long, jaunty strides, and come to him.

"Hello, Rolliner! I'm glad I met you, by Jove! I wanted to ask you what you think of the drop in that Potemkin and Wakarusa stock. I heard you had a lot of it," said Mr. Cobbs, with his hand on the horse's mane, and looking up at Rolliner with a good deal of anxiety in his small, round eyes.

"So I have; but I am not a bit uneasy, Billy. It will go up again, you see, and before the end of the week."

"But the decline is so sudden," expostulated Cobbs, though he looked a shade brighter already.

"True enough; and that, to my mind, proves conclusively that it can't last. There will be just as sudden a rise, you may depend. I have not time to-day to enter into details, but will call at the office to-morrow and explain."

"Well, I have; it has worried me like the deuce, and I've been out here for an hour trying to walk it off; and I tell you, old feller, I feel a great deal better to hear that your opinion's so decided."

"I don't care to bet; but I think it's a case where I *would* bet almost anything that I am right. You'll be foolish to feel any further alarm, Billy. Where do you keep yourself?—I don't see much of you lately."

"Well, I knock about a good deal with the fellers," said Billy, with fully recovered spirits. "Som'er's pooty much every night, almost."

Billy Cobbs was a very popular man in theatrical and sporting circles. Without being very wise or witty, or particularly gifted in any way, he was liked, and, in a sort of a way, sought after. He could sing a good song, and tell a story pretty well, and spend his money like a prince. Billy was a great authority in theatrical matters, and, he imagined, an excellent critic. He remembered minutely stage-events for thirty-five years back, and could tell how any piece had been cast, from the leading part down to the "first gentleman" or "messenger," and he was up also in all the gossips of the wings and Robbies for the same period, and had been personally acquainted with all the celebrities. So that, although poor Billy was a hopeless ignoramus, and had not looked into a book since his schooldays, there were some who accepted his opinion as of great value, and even quoted him on moot-points as the highest possible authority.

"Last Sunday night I was at the nicest little party I've been to for a long time," pursued Billy, chuckling over the recollection. "It was at Amy Beaudesert's—she's in the burlesque 'Endymion,' at the Doric, you know—and has lots of jolly friends; and, Dick, I see there one of the pootiest women I think I've met this year."

"Indeed," said Rolliner, not much interested, and making ready to go.

"I had a bow from her this afternoon here in the Park. Monstrous fine-lookin' woman is Miss Blackwell, from 'Frisco."

Rolliner stared at him rather astonished—somewhat fiercely also, perhaps, for Mr. Billy Cobbs stopped short, with his mouth open, puzzled.

"She aint nothin' to you, I guess, Dick, is she?"

"Nothing more than a—than a simple acquaintance," replied Richard promptly. "I've met her once or twice; but I had no idea she circulated among the kind of society you mentioned."

"Amy Beaudesert's friends are respectable, I hope," said Billy, a little huffed.

"I impute nothing to the contrary, my dear Cobbs. I had simply formed the impression that the Miss Blackwell you speak of was a very quiet person, and most unlikely to know theatrical people."

"She knows a good many of us," said Billy, classing himself complacently among the profession. "She and Amy seem quite cronies, I can tell you."

The two gentlemen, with adiaux and good wishes, now parted, little Billy swaggering off, with his head up and his cane over his shoulder, and whistling the latest comic song, altogether in much better spirits.

Rolliner, riding on again, smiled musingly to himself.

"Miss Blackwell in entering society revolves, it seems, in too different orbits. The more I hear about her the less I know of her, and on the whole I am very glad I sent Milhurst to Chicago."

CHAPTER XVI.—"IL TROVATORE."

This evening Rolliner wrote the little note he had promised to Irene Hernsdale, inclosing seats for the opera.

"I have selected 'Trovatore,' which they do on Thursday, and the critics promise us a revelation in the Leonora. This choice is subject, of course, to your approval; but, if I hear nothing to the contrary in the interval, I shall understand that it has met with your favor."

So he wrote, adding a word or two more, and there followed duly by post Miss Hernsdale's few lines of thanks; and on the evening named Mr. Rolliner, attired in the melancholy costume proper to the occasion, appeared in his carriage at Mr. Folroyd's door.

Irene was not quite ready, and there was an interval of waiting, which Rolliner passed with the master of the house in his study. He had hardly shaken his hand before he noticed a change in him. What was it like? Richard could hardly define. He seemed nervous and laboring with a kind of suppressed excitement, such as business people show when there is some venture in suspense, or when the stock-market is particular erratic.

They talked about different things, Rolliner seated and his companion moving about the room, now fiddling with the books on the table, and now with the small articles on the mantelpiece; and presently Richard said:

"How is Miss Blackwell?"

"Very well, Richard. I am—she is having her portraits painted—do you know?"

"No."

"I have given Lyndrose the commission. He is clever, and can do very respectable work when he tries, and I like to encourage rising—rising talent, you know."

"Then you are having it painted?"

"Well, I—of course, it is for me," said Mr. Folroyd, stopping at the fire, and fingering his china cigar-stand. "I took a fancy I should like to have her picture, and she sits every day to—to oblige me. Rather a bore, I am afraid; but she is a good girl, Richard; I never met anyone more single-hearted, and—and really innocent, I think. I wonder you do not like her more," he added, with a sudden glance that Rolliner fancied was a little sly.

"I like her very well, I suppose. Perhaps I don't understand her quite as thoroughly as you do."

"I dare say not," replied Folroyd, with eager acquiescence. "We don't meet such transparent characters as hers often in a deceitful world like this, Richard, and they perplex us. She is a noble woman, sir. It's a—a boon to enjoy her acquaintance." He tapped the mantelpiece smartly with his knuckles, and bestowed a grave and, as it were, emphatic stare upon our placid friend Richard, who merely nodded.

"Well," answered the latter, after an interval of quiet, with a smile, "I hope her husband, when she marries, will find your judgment correct, and the eulogy deserved; in such a case he will be an enviable man. Anything new about town?"

So they chatted a little more, and then Irene, charmingly dressed, and looking certainly very beautiful, came in She was quiet as they drove to the theatre. The house was very crowded, and the first act had begun just as they entered. Miss Hernsdale did not appear to take her usual interest in the opera, and after listening for a few minutes she settled back in her chair and her attention wandered.

Rolliner enjoyed music as well as he enjoyed pictures, as much as anyone who knows nothing about either critically; when they gave him pleasure, he asked no more. When the drop fell he said:

"I am afraid you are disappointed."

"No; but one must have an appetite, and I came here this evening without, so the feast goes unhonored. I am worried a little, Mr. Rolliner, and I have not been very well since I saw you. Before I came into the room to-night you were talking with my guardian—did you notice anything singular about him?"

Rolliner hesitated.

"You did, I see," she continued quickly; "and I hope you will be frank and tell me just what you think. I have no one to rely on, and there are things that trouble me."

There was a pleading look in her beautiful face, which Rolliner, had there even been no other reason, was not the man to resist.

"He seemed excited, I fancied—feverish—I can hardly describe it; but I did not like what I saw."

"Well," said Irene thoughtfully, "I am afraid he is not acting wisely. I don't know—but I must speak—something impels me; it is like a duty. I am sure that my guardian is growing infatuated with that young lady Miss Blackwell," she added with an effort.

Although this was not altogether news to Rolliner—quite the reverse—to hear confirmation of his own impressions came with something like the force of a shock.

"But—but we must not jump at conclusions," he began, mustering a smile.

"Oh! I never do," said Irene quickly; "in this case there is so much and such unpleasant evidence, and I don't think anything ever troubled me so, Mr. Rolliner. I am frightened. I have not met Miss Blackwell, but I am afraid of her; it is quite fear, and not mere prejudice. I just begin to see the immense influence she exerts over Mr. Folroyd. He has given her costly presents, and, I expect, has loaned her a great deal of money. Even his servant, Hewson, spoke to me about it, and Mrs. Burrough, our housekeeper, who never meddles with anything; and I could perceive that both thought privately much more than they could be induced to express. And there is something else," she continued with difficulty—"something that has frightened me still more ——"

"I hope you will be frank, Irene," said Rolliner gravely. "If you need true friendship, mine has been tried. Without pretending to make light of your suspicions, I still do not look on them as seriously as your affection for Mr. Folroyd prompts you to do. There can certainly be nothing gained in keeping back the very worst you think."

"I think my guardian's mind is disordered," she said in a low, tremulous whisper.

A silence followed. Rolliner's glance dropped in spite of himself; he was looking no longer in her eyes, but steadily upon her little gloved hand, and he felt that she perceived the spasm of uneasiness that for a second flickered across his countenance.

"Well," he said presently, "perhaps you are right; he is old, and—and, of course, his faculties may not be what they were once. He is, however, quite safe; rest assured that at the first inkling of real danger people would be found to interpose. Occasion might require, and without creating the least pain or scandal. I believe myself that Miss Blackwell exerts a very strong influence over him; how far it might go if there should be no interference I cannot say. Miss Blackwell's antecedents and character are not, in my judgment, altogether clear; I think I can promise you that pretty soon we shall not be so much in the dark."

Here the curtain rose again. That interest in the performance had by this time quite subsided for Rolliner was need hardly say. The few words he had exchanged with Irene in the recent interval had set the machinery of his brain in motion, and in his ear the music before him was but a noise, and the singers were but phantoms.

Irene, however, seemed to be reassured a little; his vague promise had had its effect, and, at all events, she had disclosed her mind, and the relief of such confession is, as experience shows, always great. So now she listened with much more interest, and after a while grew quite absorbed.

At the close of one of the prima-donna's finest efforts Miss Hernsdale, to relieve the strain of attention, leaned back and looked round. With a sudden thrill of surprise she saw among the audience Herbert Lyndrose and Dacey Blackwell. They were standing near one of the doors leading into the lobby, watching the performance with a listless interest, and now and then exchanging whispered comments. Mr. Blackwell turned his head to scan the audience, and detected Irene. She felt his glance; but for a second or two he seemed to waver whether to arrest it in that direction; but concluding, perhaps, that he had already disclosed himself, he showed a very pretty bit of surprise, and bowed.

A little later he and Mr. Lyndrose both appeared in the young lady's box.

"Well, Miss Hernsdale," said Dacey, after a short and polite dialogue we need not record, "what do you think of my prima-donna? Did I promise too extravagantly?"

He was looking well. In full-dress no man could have looked better, and that form of masculine costume, as we all admit, becomes very few. Irene admitted that the prima-donna fully reached her expectations, and Mr. Blackwell was delighted. He was so afraid she would be disappointed; his own enthusiasm might have made him exaggerate, and so on; and he said:

"I succeeded in getting Mr. Lyndrose to attend this evening, though not without an effort; he is so absorbed in the sister art that he cares nothing for music."

"I hear you have an important commission, Lyndrose," remarked Rolliner.

"Miss Blackwell's portrait? Yes; she sits almost every day, and I am honestly trying my best with it."

"You should be careful; Miss Constance has the reputation of being a very dangerous person," continued Rolliner, "and, indeed, I rather think I've seen it myself."

Lyndrose shot a glance at Irene, a little uneasy, and shrugged and smiled.

"I am safe, I think, although she is, of course, very handsome and—and all that; but there are cases where the circumstances preclude a possibility of—of—what shall I say? Where the interest is already entirely taken up with another object—I don't say a young lady always—but painting, or one's pursuit, whatever it may happen to be—or ——"

He was floundering; he could not tell whether Irene understood or not. She had received him a little coldly, he fancied, and now very likely this was the reason—she had heard about the sitting for the portrait. Dacey was smiling in his quiet, suggestive way.

"I don't know—I dare not intrude where Constance is, and I can't say whether those sittings are flirtations or not," he remarked; "but the situation is certainly most conducive to romance."

Lyndrose was vexed.

"None could be less so, or more dull," he answered, with another glance at Irene. "Miss Blackwell is unspeakably bored and too anxious to have the ordeal over to waste any time; and if you ask her you will see."

"Oh! we do not speak now," said Dacey gently, and even sadly, and showing a slight confusion for an instant. "I have had the misfortune to offend my sister, very deeply, somehow. But, really, dear Lyndrose," he pursued, laughing again, "I was beginning to hope that in a short time you might plead for me with her—an influence almost sure to be successful."

Lyndrose was very nearly scarlet.

"Upon my word, you are carrying a very dull joke to a greater length than it will bear. Miss Hernsdale must think us very illbred and tiresome. What a fat, ugly fellow the tenor is this evening is; and he has a cold, too," and I don't think we can say much for the chorus; they were hideously out of tune in the last part of the second act—did you notice?"

"I dare say," responded Irene; "but I never pretend to be critical. I would much rather know nothing about music than all about it; ignorance is bliss, in this instance particularly."

And so they chatted for a few minutes longer, and then the curtain fell on the third act.

Dacey, with a sweet and polite confidence in himself, was quite at his ease, and showed no embarrassment in his manner. He spoke of his sister Constance, and of the pleasure he had had in meeting her; and he was quite sorry that she had left the house before he had had the opportunity of paying his respects to Miss Hernsdale. He was very glad that she had made the acquaintance of Mr. Folroyd, who was a most estimable man, and so on; and he was so perfectly at his ease, and so unlikely to know that Irene had been speaking of him, that she felt relieved, and began to think that she had been unjust to him.

Lyndrose was very silent, and looked sulkily and with evident reluctance at Dacey.

"Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Lyndrose appear to be growing quite intimate also," remarked Rolliner thoughtfully and rather to himself.

"Yes," said Irene quietly.

She was looking at the stage again, where the last act was in progress; but Rolliner fancied that her interest in the performance was divided once more. He knew that she had always liked Herbert Lyndrose—not quite a tenderness, but a friendship—a liking that might lead, under proper conditions, to a great deal; and did she feel just a little pique over those stories about the sittings for the portrait? And Dacey Blackwell, had he turned the conversation and kept it persistently in that direction for a purpose?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Johnson's Witness.

A farmer named Johnson was on trial before a Detroit Justice the other day for assault and battery, and when the prosecution had finished he put a little old man of about sixty-five on the stand as his witness. The lawyer began:

"What is your name?"

"If you'll tell me your name I'll tell you mine," was the prompt answer.

"Where do you reside?"

"I won't answer no such foolish question. I've paid taxes in this county for fifty years, and I won't be talked to as if I was a child."

"Well, Mr. Blank, you saw this difficulty, did you?"

"If I hadn't seen it would I be here? Do you s'pose I want to be arrested for forgery?"

"How did it begin?"

"How does anything begin?" snapped the old man.

"Well, now, will you tell the jury all about it?"

"No, sir, I won't! If the jury want to know anything about it they must ask me!"

"You must answer the questions," remarked his Honor.

"I will if I want to; but they haven't asked any questions yet."

"Did the plaintiff and defendant have any hard words?" asked the lawyer.

"I s'pose they did; but I wouldn't swear to it."

"Did either one call the other a liar?"

"I s'pose they did, and that's what brung on the fuss. I'm over sixty, but if any man calls me a liar I'm going to knock his durned head off!"

"Well, when the plaintiff called the defendant a liar what was the result?"

"Why, how do I know?"

"Didn't you see a blow struck?"

"Not there; but next day, after this fuss, I saw the purtiest fight in the world! One of the Jones boys was ——"

"Did you see any part of this fuss?"

"No! How could I, when I was three miles away? You ought to know better than to ask such foolish questions!"

"How did you hear of this difficulty?"

"Mr. Johnson told me."

"That will do—you can go."

"But I agreed to come here for a dollar and swear, and I'm going to do it! You needn't think you can doze-bull me around because I'm old!"

A constable had to haul him out of the box and put him out doors: but he wouldn't go away until he had put his head into the window and said:

"If you think I'm scairt, come out here and put a chip on your shoulder!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

CLIPPER SONGS:

OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

A Truth Illustrated—Comic Song.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRIEDRICH KARL.

We sat together, she and I—
Her heart I heard it beat—
I longed to kiss her rosy lips,
Which smiled and look'd so sweet.
I did not dare! I lost a chance
That never came again!
'Tis true, 'against stupidity
E'en gods will fight in vain!"

Spoken.—Oh! I suffered the tortures of Dandalus; but it was all my fault. A friend of hers told me afterwards how she had expressed herself about my stupidity. "All girls like to be kissed, to be sure," said she; "I wonder if he was fool enough to think that I would get offended if he tried?" Alas! he was! Boys, that's a lesson for you!

My neighbor was a widow fair,
With "thousand pounds" a year;
She fell in love with me, and called
Me many times "My dear!"
I loved her, too, but could not speak—
She's married now again!
Ah me! Against stupidity
E'en gods will fight in vain!

Spoken.—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, she was a widow! You know, widows are the sweetest creatures, with much practical knowledge, and they save man a heap of trouble! She was one of 'em—buxom, neat, rich—and she had no children. "I am so very fond of children, but I never had any," she often said, with a bewitching smile. I blushed like a full-blown rose, but I couldn't have said one word for the charms of all widows. No wonder she calls me "That bashful fool!"

When I was twenty-one, they said
I had a right to vote.
I went for "Hans," though well I knew
He was a rogue of note.
If I could help, I should not vote
For such a thief again:
But fear "against stupidity
E'en gods will fight in vain."

Spoken.—And said my mother the next morning (I never had seen such an awful look in her eyes before)—"John, did you really vote for that wretch?" "Yes, ma," I said—and I tried to look perfectly unconcerned, though I didn't feel a bit like it—"yes, I did, to be sure." "Very well, John," said she (you ought to have seen her sneering face), maybe *you could not help it*; and you may be right, after all. I can stand a rascal rather than a fool! You are almost fool enough to be a candidate yourself! (Do you think she was insinuating?) "Ma," said I, "here are the fifty dollars Judge Footall gave me for my vote." "What!" she cried, "fifty dollars? Oh, you fool; Colonel Sam, on the other side, offered a hundred for your vote!" I collapsed. Yes, I think I am a fool!

I went to church with Lou one night—
'Twas in the month of May—
And, after church, she kindly said:
"Sir, won't a while you stay?"
I stayed till *one!* She never went
With me to church again.
She wrote: "Against stupidity
E'en gods will fight in vain!"

Spoken.—Lou loved me, my ladies—I know at least as much as that—but she told a cousin of mine she wanted a husband who likes to retire early; and, as it seemed that I was not inclined in that direction, she rather let me drop. I dropped very heavily that time. I assure you; and since I have been taught to go to bed early.

At last I took a wife. She died,
An angel without wings;
She had a long and slippery tongue—
Oh, cruel were its stings;
Unmindful of the trials I had,
I married soon again;
You know "against stupidity
E'en gods will fight in vain."

Spoken.—She asked me to take her, gentlemen—upon my word and honor she did. I never should have had the courage to do it. I could not refuse, and the very moment of it were that I had to wash the dishes, feed the baby, and hang up the wash. One day I mistook her back-hair for a waiter, and during the confusion that followed I stepped on her corns. She died in one of her fits, while tearing my whiskers; to pacify my mother-in-law I married her sister.

Now, as I have been such a case
Through all the days I spend,
I do not think I shall grow smart—
I cannot hope to mend.
My wife calls me the biggest fool
(I think that's pretty plain);
She says: "Against stupidity
E'en gods will fight in vain."

Spoken.—No, no, ladies and gentlemen, there is no help for me. My wife is right. "John," says she, "I wonder if there is a bigger fool in the world than you." "No, Nancy," says I, "I think not. I wouldn't have had the chance to marry you and your sister had there been; for you'd have married you both before I had that good luck. Ladies and gentlemen, you see that blue eye? Well, that was her answer. Boys, don't make fools of yourselves.

"So, You're on the Foorce, Larry."

BY ONEY PARLE.

Me name it is Lawrence,
Though I'm sure it's a shame
For thim devils of boys
To be chasing me name;
Bakase I'm a mimber
Of the city police,
All the kids scamper round me
Like a pack of wild geese.

Spoken.—There's one bye, and I could break his baik; for whin I come round the corner this is what he says:

Chorus.—So, you're on the foorce, Larry!
And it's proud, shure, you are
In your navy-blue suit
And your belt silver-star.

Yet through all this volley
I howld up me head,
For there's no man I hate,
And there's no man I dread;
While upon all occasions,
In a fighting affair,
If you'll just look around
You'll find Lawrence there.

Chorus.—So you're on the foorce, Larry, etc.

On the bate I patrole
Not one will complaih,
For I pacify anger
And gently chide blame:
"Be aisy beyant there!
Sthop that, it ye plaze!"
That's how I go on
With me nice winnin' ways.

Chorus.—So, you're on the foorce, Larry, etc.

St. Louis, Mo.

TWO HERITAGES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY RICHMOND THATCHER OF AUSTRALIA.

"Hullo, Jack!"
"Well, Jack, old man!"
"How goes it, Jack?"
"Back again, Jack?"
"Do another beer, Jack?"

All these and many similar exclamations are addressed to a man of somewhat seedy appearance, who sits in an arm-chair in the back parlor of a hotel much affected by the newspaper-writers and Bohemians generally of a colonial capital.

Jack is a stout, large-framed man, still on the right side of forty (if youth be an advantage), with a rough, reddish-brown beard, and a handsome face. Eyes kind and bright relieve a cynical, discontented expression, as if they were trying to assure their owner that things are not so much out of gear as he would make out. Jack's clothes are not of a fashionable cut, and have evidently been designed for comfort rather than appearances, which is well, seeing that a whole succession of fashions might have come and gone since they were built.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when our story commences, meditatively rather than moodily smoking a pipe, and emptying his pint of "colonial" by instalments.

Jack Brewster is in a bit of a fix. He owes some money, and creditors clamor for payment. The whole amount is not much, but to Jack payment is inconvenient—in fact, almost impossible, without a loss of self-respect and independence. Jewelry he has none; personal effects are more than he can realize upon; and he loathes the thought of asking a soul that he knows for a loan. Pegging away for a series of reminiscent descriptive articles he is writing for *The Lightning* sheds a momentary ray on his difficulty, but the thought of suggesting such a thing to the stolid cashier at the office makes Jack's brain come out quickly.

Jack is a queer stick, a funny ghost, a most extraordinary fellow, a regular caulker, a caution, an impenetrable mystery, to those who know anything of him, and it is but little that anybody seems to know. He has traveled all over the world, and by this we do not mean that he has taken long conventional voyages, or been to different parts of one country. For years it has been a common thing for Jack to turn up from Thibet or Crim Tartary. With a roving life and fascinating manners for display and excitement of Eastern races, he has done scores and hundreds of villages in India, China, Sumatra, Borneo, Japan, of whose existence on the map we are not aware. He knows the big capitals of the East, and can name every boulevard and square in Asia. The ruined temples, the rajahs' couris, the palaces of India, are as familiar to him as the Nelson column to a Londoner. With a circus he has tended it in the still splendid capitals of South America, and in one quarter of the world he has visited all the cities and most of the towns of Europe, America, Canada, Australia to its uttermost reachable point, South Africa, the Mauritius, the Pacific Islands, New Zealand. Every part of the world accessible to the showman, the scribe, or the explorer, every where where a man may pick up a living, Jack has been. He has drunk kava with Polynesians, and arrack with native ne'er-do-wells of the East Indies; sipped sangaree with planters, and taken blue-grass or Bourbon whiskey with rude Yankee miners in far-away gulches. No more thorough cosmopolitan than Jack ever breathed. He has seen hard times and good times in every land where man may live, and has been on the point of making a fortune by mining, newspaper-publishing, company-floating, ranch-running, patenting, the show business, diamond-buying, and in a score of other ways; but the knack of keeping well when doing well never blessed him. Jack, as a youngster, was on the Pacific Slope. He rounded the Horn, and worked in the placers of many a gully of California; went back by Panama, and took a hand in some of the troubles in Central America; got over to Cuba, and up to the Southern States, and on to New York. Then he took Greeley's advice, and went West with an emigrant party, and would have grown up with the country but for the allurements of the Black Hill diggings. With some money he made there he went South to Texas, and bought cattle for sale at the points on the overland route. The rising city of Chicago next attracted his attention, and he stayed there till he was assured that his forte was fur-trading in Canada. Then he went back to the cities of Montreal and Quebec, and seemed likely to settle there; but his restless disposition led him south once more to St. Louis and New Orleans. Business next took him to England and Europe, which he left for the Australian gold-fields. Then he drifted up to India and China, and a receding tide of fortune floated him down to the Mauritius, the Cape diamond-fields, the Free State, and the Transvaal of South Africa. Wherever excitement or a desire for gain led numbers, Jack would be found; and the first reports from "rushes" would invariably contain accounts of his newspaper, crushing-machine, carrying-agency, or some speculation he had started. No Australian who knew Jack Brewster, if going home, would be surprised to see him standing on the shore at Aden or Suez, looking as if he had been brought up and lived there all his life; or, if taking the Pacific route, were to find Jack lounging, hands in pockets, watching the overland train draw up at Ogalalla, Cheyenne, or any other station, as if he were a denizen of the place; or, supposing the Eastern and Australian to be the route, to see Jack plastering the boardings of Singapore or Batavia with bills. Carpentaria's land-craze, Fiji's cotton-rush, the stampede to New Guinea, and the Western Australian pearl-fisheries, all found Jack Brewster amongst the busy, restless throng. You think this description overdrawn? Interview John Wilson of circus celebrity; get Loo Braham to tell you about his Eastern and South African travels.

Lately Jack had settled in Melbourne, so far as such a "thama" of the human race *could* settle—alighted would be a better word. He had made that city his headquarters, and gained a precarious living by press-writing, gazeteer-compiling, and in various other ways. He had become a philosopher, rather than a misanthrope. Certainly he had discovered that life was a lie; had drained the cups of pleasure and bitterness to the dregs, and found both bitter; but still he was not altogether soured. He was more like the spectator who, having been decoyed into the world's show-tent, and found that the posturing outside was the best part of the entertainment, watched the ceaseless, excited crowd thronging in, to be deceived and undeceived in turn, with complacency and a sort of saturnine pleasure. His life had been chequered, and the dark patches, perhaps, predominated. Women and wine had deceived him; fortune had jilted him. The knowledge he had acquired taught him the hollowness, the insincerity of men and women and things. He had seen the rich oppressing the poor, the lowly toadying to the great. He had observed lying and cheating thriving, and honest work despised; and discovered that charlatanism prospered, while solid learning found no reward. Still, he rather smiled than scowled as illusion after illusion faded, and the whitened sepulchres became charnel-houses only. No mirage of flattering hope or promised joy could tempt them from the hard-metalled road of prosaic life; but still he had a kindly sympathy for his fellows, and was amused rather than disgusted as he watched the struggle for place and power, and riches—things that had ceased to attract or please him. In short, he was a kindly cynic—an indulgent philosopher—who still smiled, though he could see through the paint and tinsel. Everybody in Jack's circle of acquaintance knew that he came of a good family, that he had made a bad marriage, and that for two years he had attached himself to a young girl with whom he was frequently seen at various pleasure and suburban resorts. It was known, too, that times were, and had been for some while, bad with Jack Brewster, though he worked hard and tried to keep his head above water.

Pretty well everybody liked Jack, and admired his honest independence and hearty contempt for sham and cant. His cynicism hurt no good fellow, and he was only savage when pretence and shoddy became too rampant for his patience to endure. He had just returned, at the time we form his acquaintance, from a special reporting and gazeteering excursion to a neighboring colony, and had been absent a few weeks; and, as he sat over his beer, he received many kind greetings from the frequenters of the bar-parlor as he strolling in from the lobby, the theatres and other places, where most of them had been culling information for the readers of the dailies.

Conversation soon became general, and Jack in a few minutes got a good idea of what was going on and what had occurred.

"House up?"

"What was the Government's majority?"

"Did the Premier speak?"

"Who was the new piece at the Opera-house?"

"Has anybody got a programme of the niggers?"

"Good-evening, Mr. Brewster," says Snarler the persifluer, with a formal bow. He would like to have scowled; but he once tried to be rude to Jack, and got a woeful cutting-up for his pains.

"Any news, Jack?" asked Tavit of *The Period*.

"Has the world turned honest?"

"If it were to," growls Jack, "you would not long be of the world worldly."

And now Jack's eye brightens as it lights upon the good-humored, honest face of Ruby Wragge, the best—aye, and ablest—of them all. Jack always thinks that it is Ruby's unswerving friendship and nobleness that preserves his faith in man from utter shipwreck. Ruby, the clever, the improvident, the kindest, the open-handed, the self-s

AN AIR-CASTLE DEMOLISHED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOEL G. FLOYD.

As Young Johnny Rattletree programmed the town
For Serena & Company's show,
He mused: "I will soon have a show of my own—
'Twill be Rattletree without any Co.

"By golly," he murmured, "how proud I shall be
As the cash in the treasury flows;
My name in big letters, 'The Great Rattletree,
The Boss of the Boss of all Shows.'

"Then Mary Ann Skittles, who lives next the door
Of the tenement where I reside,
In sackcloth and ashes the day will repent
That she scorned to be Rattletree's bride.

"To be sure, I've no money to start myself in,
But my lottery-ticket may draw.
Ah! the capital prize would furnish the 'tin,'
If I get it ——" "Ah! buckle yer jaw!"

'Twas Paddy McFlewry that spoke to the lad,
And knocked his bright hopes into pi;
And ere the two parted, 'twould be well to add,
In mourning and closed was John's eye.

Besides which (a cut the unkindest of all),
Paddy ran and got out of the way,
While the club of a "cop" made Rattletree bawl,
And the Judge said "Five dollars" next day.

A month has elapsed, and, sad to relate,
John's number (four 'leven forty-four)
Drew only a blank, when the "Kentucky State"
Published lists of what others did draw.

But Johnny yet keeps a stiff upper-lip,
And preserves a well-balanced mind;
He still puts out programmes for Serena & Co.,
And to his past sorrows is blind

Washington, D. C., Nov. 30, 1879.

THE ART OF MAKING HOME-LIFE HAPPY.

When I was five-and-thirty I married a widower, with a family of twelve children, then growing up.

I was an only child, and there was a great deal of opposition in my family to the marriage, on account of the burden it was considered that I should thereby be taking upon my shoulders. From our first acquaintance I have always been passionately attached to my husband, and I devoted the time taken up before my parents yielded their consent in endeavoring to learn how I could make our future home happy. The task was no easy one, and I was quite sensible of its difficulties. Having no brothers and sisters and few relations, I knew very little of the bringing-up of children. Being, however, no longer a girl, but a woman of some knowledge and experience, I resolved to profit by the failures I had seen in other homes, and try if I could do something better.

I think, without self-delusion, I may say I have succeeded. Our boys are well established in life, there is not a black sheep among them, and our girls are marrying well, making useful, lady-like wives, and happy, contented women; so perhaps you will bear with me while I tell you a little about the principles on which I acted—premising what I have to say by owning that success did not come all at once, but followed on innumerable failures, which gave me many a heartache at the time, and sometimes nearly drove me to despair. I am quite sure they would have done so utterly had it not been for the sympathy and affection of my husband, who, although he did not always think as I did and sometimes embarrassed me extremely by what seemed to me at the time an unreasonable exercise of authority (a way which I find is not peculiar to him, but shared with the best of men), was in reality one with me in tastes, principles and feelings.

My first object was to bring all the machinery of the household into a methodical system; slipshod housekeeping may be endurable in a small family, but it is impracticable in large houses if the mistress purposes to be anything but a mere upper-servant. The easiest means to carry this out seemed to me early rising. I set apart for each day some special domestic duty, such as giving out the scores, looking through the house-linen, balancing accounts, and other similar items. We breakfasted at eight from the first, and I gave my orders in the kitchen punctually at nine, so that by eleven o'clock I found I had put down the daily expenses, written the necessary notes which occur every morning, and had so disposed of the housewifely cares—that is, those appertaining solely to housekeeping—for the day, leaving my hands and my mind free for other duties. A mistress of a large family must, as a matter of necessity, if she fulfills her mission well, always be thinking of other people, and has but little time for selfish cares and worries. I am quite sure that, insensibly as well as knowingly, a mistress of a household gives the whole tone to the kingdom of home over which she rules, and that therefore cheerfulness and mental cultivation are most essential in her.

We have during our married life been neither rich nor poor—merely sufficiently well off to be able to pay our way comfortably, and to make any lavish expenditure a sin. Waste of either time, materials or money I have combatted with all my energies.

In my maiden days I had mixed a great deal in society, and I did not feel inclined nor did my husband wish me to relinquish my friends; therefore in the plan of my life I did not exclude social duties. I had no inclination for the late hours that balls entailed until the girls grew up; but we saw as much of our friends as other people, and what I most encouraged was sociability.

Before I married I had been painfully impressed with the dismal dullness of middle-class domestic life. Pleasant manners, lively conversation, and neat dresses seemed far too often reserved for company, morose dullness and personal slovenliness for home, and this more especially where those banes of modern days held sway, viz., keeping up appearances and pushing forward in the social scale.

My great object was to make my children useful, helpful and happy, and, in bringing this about, I did not find it necessary to upset the order or refinement of my home. As they grew up I set them an example, which they followed, of appearing at the dinner-table suitably dressed, and the evening was devoted to amusements and social enjoyments, in which my husband and I took part. I encouraged the boys and the girls alike to invite their companions to join our family-circle. We lived plainly and well, banishing all affectation of being better, richer, or grander than we were. I strove to make the joint of our daily life an orderly and refined one, and, being so, one or two additions to our number could always be made without fuss or preparation. It took much time and trouble to bring this easy, comfortable routine about; but it was richly rewarded. The boys found the evenings at home as pleasant as any they got out, and consequently were content to stay at home as the rule and go out as the exception. The girls married happily, because the husbands whom they chose, and who chose them, had had an opportunity of seeing them in every-day life, and not in the false colors of society, where conversation nine times in ten dwindles to purposeless inanities, and both time and beauty are wasted in an aimless rush after excitement. I do not wish to intimate that we never appeared where other people go, but we were great to be seen everywhere, and where did go we found pleasure and enjoyment instead of *ennui* and disappointment, not having a plethora of such things.

I devoted much time and attention to the physique of the girls and boys, and strongly encouraged outdoor exercises and amusements. Calisthenics and gymnastics, skating, croquet, lawn-tennis, riding (when practicable) and walking I did my best to promote; and the fun and laughter emanating from a merry party of hearty, healthy young people enjoying out-door games rings in my ears yet.

Having married somewhat late in life, I had had more time to devote to accomplishments than most people, and had cultivated a decided taste for both music and drawing. I was fully alive to the advantages of both these arts, encouraging them in the children as they showed a taste for either of them, but only so far; and some gave evidence for a talent for one thing, some for another. Our Winter evenings passed merrily with glees, duets and solos, both vocal and instrumental, round games, chess and whist not being neglected; but whenever it was practicable we had some book in hand for reading aloud, a practice to which I attribute not only a great love of reading and books in the family, but a liking for work too, for we plied our needles as we listened. My husband is a man of unusual mental powers, and he necessarily raised the tone of our interests and pursuits, making it a matter of duty that our children should be up in the topics of the day, and take a rational and intellectual interest in them. The "higher education of woman" was one of the many themes which he and I frequently discussed without ever agreeing very thoroughly; for, though I attach the greatest importance to education, I consider that its chief object is to fit the person educated for the special duties of their lot. Wives, mothers and sisters, exercising as they do an immense and untold influence on the other sex, require that all their powers should be highly trained; but a thorough knowledge of such things as come peculiarly within their province is, in the case of most persons, and, though I did my best that our girls should have their minds so trained that as circumstances arose they were able to follow any particular bent, and their power of reasoning was so enlarged that they were not inclined to waste their energies on trivialities, I strove for all to make them happy, lovable, loving women, with healthy instincts and aspirations, and, moreover, well versed in womanly arts. As they grew up, they each took a portion of the housekeeping, and learnt the rudiments of cooking, as well as the art of practical dressmaking. At eighteen they each had an allowance for dress, which taught them a little the value and capabilities of money. Not being by any means above small vanities, I have instilled into their minds what I have always felt myself, that it is certainly the duty of our sex to make the best of our personal advantages—by honest means, mind you, not with rouge, paint and hair-dye, which lend a fictitious fairness, not always beauty.

I hope I have not wearied you with this selfish family history. I have just been reading the life of Lord Macaulay, and I think it was the forcible manner in which the happiness and healthiness of the family life he enjoyed were described that made me feel—seeing what desirable results that early training had wrought in him, with whom family ties and affections were stronger than with most of us—anything which would tend to diffuse such happy homes would be of use; and I desire to call attention to one sentence in the volume which contains the whole pith and marrow of home-education, to my thinking:

"Charity is not the only quality which begins at home. It is throwing away money to spend a thousand a year on the teaching of three boys, if they are to return from school only to find their fellow-members of their family intent on amusing themselves at any cost of time and trouble, or sacrificing self-respect in ignoble efforts to struggle into a social grade above their own. The child will never place his aims high, and pursue them steadily, unless the parent has taught him what energy and elevation of purpose mean, not less by example than by precept."

ARDERN HOLT.

THE IDEA of making a train lay down and take up its own rails as it moves along is not a new one, but an interesting realization of it is now to be witnessed in the Jardin des Tuileries, Paris. From the mechanical point of view, one is struck with the smallness of the force required to move a train thus arranged. In the Jardin des Tuileries the train consists of three carriages, capable of containing in all thirty children, and often full. These are drawn by two goats, which work thus for seven hours. The total load is about 1,000 kilogrammes. To draw a like weight in three carriages on ordinary roads would require a dozen goats, four for each vehicle. The normal speed is two and a half to four miles per hour. The system is, of course, not designed for passenger traffic, but for goods, and in many places, with bad roads or none, might be very serviceable.

A BRAVE BOY.—In Berlin, last month, a horse ran away with a cart in which there was a little girl. A boy of 13, seeing the situation, rolled a barrel into the midst of the road, which half stopped the horse, who was about to dodge the obstacle, when the boy seized the bit and contrived, with great agility, to swing himself up and clasp his legs around the animal's neck, which very soon came to a stop. Then the brave little fellow slipped away unknown and unnoticed.

ATHLETIC.

EMPIRE CITY ATHLETIC CLUB.

This organization's first annual indoor games, held at Madison-square Garden on Tuesday evening, Dec. 2, were successful financially and otherwise. The management was good, and everything worked smoothly. The competitors were numerous, and included representatives of many other athletic clubs, and the competitions were generally interesting, and in some instances close. The results are given below:

Five-mile run, open to policemen, firemen and letter-carriers—G. S. Searle, fireman, Engine No. 17, 1; D. Doran, Engine No. 17, 2; J. H. Flattery, letter-carrier, Station F, 3; D. L. Logan, Station F, 4. Time, 34m. 25s.

Seventy-five-yards run—First heat: J. B. White, Essex A. C. (21ft. start), 1; W. Houlihan, G. A. C. (32), 2, by two feet; H. C. Faulkner, C. C., N. Y. (5), 3; time, 7 3-5s. Second heat: T. Ward, I. A. A. C. (25), 1; J. W. Pace, G. A. C., 2, by three yards; J. J. Reilly, E. C. A. C. (22), 3; time, 7 4-5s. Third heat: A. Rave, G. A. C. (18), 1; J. King, K. A. C. (5), 2, by a foot; W. H. Swards, E. C. A. C. (22), 3; time, 8s. Fourth heat: W. C. Richardson, E. A. C. (16), 1; W. J. Crowley, S. I. A. C. (4), 2, by six inches; W. D. Dougherty, E. C. A. C. (22), 3; time, 8s. Fifth heat: G. S. Yale, E. B. C. (22), 1; G. R. Smith, A. A. C. (4), 2, by six inches; time, 8 1-5s. Sixth heat: A. G. Hasslacher, E. C. A. C. (30), 1; J. J. Cahill, E. C. A. C. (22), 2, by a foot; J. F. Tynan, N. Y. City (22), 3; time, 7 4-5s. Seventh heat: F. W. Millett, Br. A. C. (22), 1; T. Houlihan, E. C. A. C. (9), 2, by two yards; J. Whelan, E. C. A. C. (22), 3; time, 8s. Eighth heat: L. A. Stuart, K. A. C. (scratch), 1; W. Locke, E. C. A. C. (22), 2, by two yards; J. W. Warnick, S. A. A. C. (22), 3; time, 8s. Second trials—First heat: White, 1; Richardson, 2, by a foot; Ward, 3; Rave, 4; time, 7 4-5s. Second heat: Hasslacher, 1; Stuart, 2, by three feet; Willett, 3; Yale, 4; time, 7 4-5s. Final heat: White, 1; Hasslacher, 2, by two inches; Richardson, 3; Stuart, 4; time, 7 3-5s.

One-mile walk.—H. Isaacs, E. C. A. C. (50s. start), 1; J. A. Breslin, A. A. C. (45), 2; C. Ranlafer, E. C. A. C. (scratch), 3; W. O'Keefe, M. A. C. (scratch), 4; time, 7m. 56 3-5s.

Two-hundred and twenty-yards hurdle-race, 10 hurdles, 2ft. 6in. high—First heat: L. A. Stuart, K. A. C. (scratch), 1; M. T. Gilligan, C. A. C. (scratch), 2, by a foot; time, 32s. Second heat: J. B. Hanna, S. A. A. C. (8yds.), 1; J. W. McCaffrey, E. C. A. C. (18), 2; time, 29 3-5s. Third heat: T. Slabb, E. C. A. C. (18), 1; T. E. English, E. C. A. C. (14), 2; time, 29 4-5s. Fourth heat: L. A. Sylvester, S. A. A. C. (10), 1; J. J. Cahill, E. C. A. C. (18), 2, by two yards; time, 29 2-5s. Final heat: Sylvester, 1; Hanna, 2; Slabb, 3; Stuart, 0; time, 29 2-5s.

Individual tug-of-war, 5min., limit—J. H. Walden, N. Y. A. C., beat J. Coughlin, E. C. A. C., in 16s.; C. A. J. Queckberner, S. A. A. C., beat T. McLaughlin, E. C. A. C., in 34s.; A. Thompson, S. A. A. C., drew a bye. Final round—Thompson beat Walden 1ft. 8in., and Queckberner by about 4ft., both in the time-limit.

Four-hundred-and-forty-yards run—First heat: H. A. Davison Jr., M. A. C. (75yds.), 1; J. Fatton, E. C. A. C. (75), 2; R. H. Roedel, S. A. A. C. (50), 3; time, 48 3-5. Second heat: R. H. Schile, Pastime A. C. (65), 1; J. R. Newton, Essex A. C. (70), 2; M. J. Dunn, E. C. A. C. (70), 3; time, 48 4-5s. Third heat: H. Alsheimer, I. A. A. C (65), 1; T. E. English, E. C. A. C. (70), 2; W. T. Talbert, Jr., M. A. C. (50), 3; time, 48 3-5s. Final heat: Davison, 1; Newton, 2; by a yard; Patton, 3; Schile, 4; Alsheimer, 5; English, 6; time, 47 3-5s.

Half-mile run—J. Ruddell, E. C. A. C. (40yds.) and P. Reilly, M. A. C. (80), dead heat for first place. In the run-off, which followed, Reilly produced a splendid spurt, and won in 2m. 5s. The dead-heat was run in 2m. 2 2-5s.

Military tug-of-war, teams of six, 10m. limit—Ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. team had a walk-over, the 60th Regiment team not appearing.

Tug-of-war, teams of six, 10st. per man, 10min. limit—First pull: Entre Nous A. C.—R. E. Stockel (captain), M. Gorman, C. P. Gaffney, J. A. York, H. Raum, O. J. Stephens—beat the Scottish-American A. C.—A. Hisecok (captain), P. Malkham, J. Moore, J. Golden, A. M. Lester, C. McEwen—by nine inches in time-limit. Final pull: Entre Nous beat Empire City A. C.—H. Mason (captain), A. Schneider, C. McGinnis, W. Peyton, D. J. Cooney, P. Connelly—by four inches in time-limit.

Two-mile walk—C. Ranhorfer, E. C. A. C. (20s.), 1; E. J. Kelly, E. C. A. C. (1m. 20s.), 2; J. A. Brewer, E. A. C. (2m.), 3; time, 15m. 35s.

One-mile run—J. A. Manahan, Ravenswood A. C. (25yds.) 1; J. K. Burton, A. A. C. (80), by a yard; time, 4m. 45 3-5s.

Tug-of-war, teams of ten, 10m. limit—Scottish-American A. C.—E. Arnold (captain), M. E. Moore, J. Dunning, A. L. Thompson, C. A. J. Queckberner, J. Britton, J. Cusick, P. Higgins, J. Ahern, P. Stanton—beat Empire City A. C.—J. Pilkington (captain), A. G. Hasslacher, W. D. Kelley, T. McLaughlin, A. A. Pratt, J. W. Philips, A. Dowling, T. Quigley, J. C. Gilligan, A. Fraser—by 12 feet, in 9m. 31s.

An exhibition of Græco-Roman wrestling was given by J. Quigley and T. Govey, both of the E. C. A. C., the former gaining two falls to one.

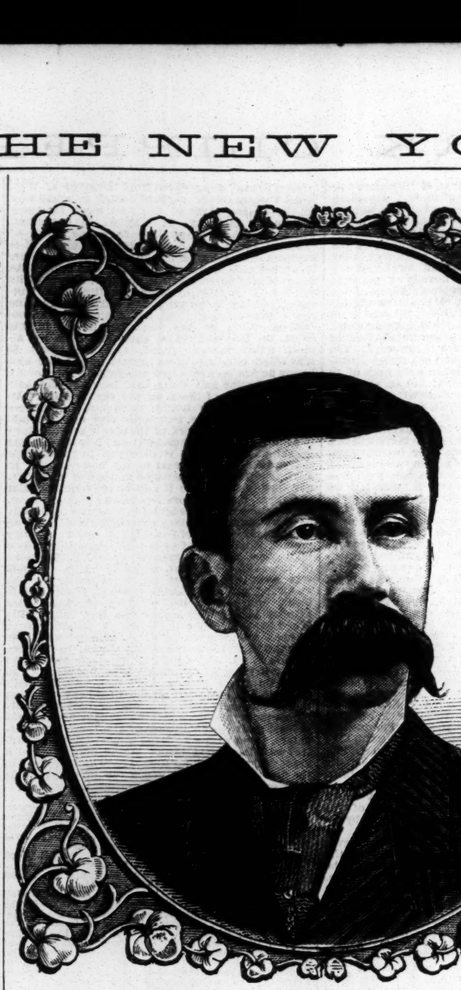
BIBBY vs. CHRISTOL.

A genuine wrestling match, Græco-Roman style, for one hundred and fifty dollars a side and three-fourths of the gate-receipts after expenses had been deducted, was decided by Edwin Bibby and Andre Christol, at Madison-square Garden, this city, on Thursday evening, Dec. 4. There have been so many fraudulent contests of this kind that the oft-imposed-upon public are slow to believe in the honesty of purpose of the principals in any such match—a fact which, coupled with the failure of the managers to properly advertise the show in the brief time at their disposal, accounted for the paucity of the attendance, less than four hundred spectators being present. The principals made their appearance on the raised and carpeted platform nearly twenty minutes past the advertised time, eight o'clock, the delay being caused by the trouble experienced in getting a referee. Jas. Pilkington accepted that position, and as soon as possible the contestants were directed to commence, facing each other in the centre at 8.21 P. M. After some quick, earnest work in the effort to secure a firm hold, Bibby grasped the Frenchman around the body from behind, and, lifting him up, hurled him to the floor, which Andre, however, reached face downward. Then ensued a long spell of struggling, Christol lying prone, with arms and legs extended, and adhering closely to the defensive, while his determined, tenacious opponent endeavored to turn him on his back, and preventing all attempts on the part of Christol to rise. The Englishman seemed to think that his best chance to secure a fall was to be had while his man was stretched horizontally, and twice when they were told by the referee to rise—once because they were partly over the edge of the stage, and once to allow of the necessary respiration being got from their bodies—he insisted that Christol should resume the same position he occupied when the break was called. In his continuous efforts to overturn the Gaul he displayed a degree of strength for the possession of which he had not been given credit, while he was as active as a cat and a marvel of perserverance. Once Christol quickly threw back his head and struck Bibby a sharp blow in the face, whereupon the Englishman twice butted him in the head and neck. The referee promptly stopped this sort of fun until cries of "Foul" from those who had not noticed the provocation which the Frenchman gave for the retaliatory measures adopted by Bibby; but the decision of Pilkington, "it is not a foul," quieted the Ribbons. Of course each contestant did commit a foul; but, as it was a stand-off, penalties were not in order. Maddened by the action of Christol, the Englishman now redoubled his efforts to secure a fall; but although he repeatedly came very near overturning the under man, he did not succeed until they had been at work close upon thirty-minutes, when he secured a vice-like grip, and, by the under arm-and-neck hold, threw Andre fairly, and lay on him until all could plainly see that it was a clean fall. They now absented themselves from the stage for sixteen minutes, and, upon resuming, the Englishman, elated with his success, dashed boldly in, bent on forcing matters. Christol met him in the same spirit, the latter standing nearly upright, and, while thus giving his opponent chances for a body-hold, failed to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the latter's tow, stooping posture. It was plain that the quick work of the Englishman had somewhat rattled him. Bibby set about his man with a deal of dash, in a minute's time had his arm pinned to his side, and, gripping him firmly about the body, raised him far to clear off the floor and carried him to the left over his shoulder, falling upon him. Christol's left shoulder struck the carpet, and he made superhuman efforts to keep the other clear; but they were futile against the combined weight and fully-exerted strength of Bibby, who pressed both shoulders firmly down and gained the winning fall, the match having occupied in all less than 56 minutes, and the last bout but a few seconds over the minute. The victor was greeted with applause that was certainly well merited, while Christol, who was beside himself with mortification, was truly an object of pity as he walked to his corner, the most astonished man in the building. Bibby showed himself to be more of an expert at this style of wrestling than people generally had considered him, although it must be admitted that, to a man who is acknowledged to be first-class at Lancashire wrestling, there are not many new points in Græco-Roman (or French, as it properly is) wrestling for him to master; besides which, Bibby has, it is understood, had considerable practice at the latter in England. His backers are pardonably strong in their belief in his invulnerability at either style, and talk about matching him against almost anybody at French and anybody at catch-as-catch-can for big money. Less muscular in appearance than Christol, and the lighter by some eight or nine pounds, he has youth, freshness and vigorous health on his side, with courage and tenacity that are exceptional. Referee, James Pilkington, Sawahaka Boat Club. Umpires, Samuel Berry for Bibby, T. McCauley for Christol.

BICYCLE RACE.—The bicycle championship of France has been wrested from the possession of the well-known rider M. Terront by his more fortunate opponent, M. Hommey. The race was decided on Sunday, Nov. 16, over a course of five miles, after two preliminary heats of two miles each. There were eight competitors, but Hommey and Terront were virtually unopposed, as from the very start they went away, and were never in any danger of being caught by their opponents. For some time the issue of the race appeared doubtful; but in the last lap the winner went ahead, and, putting on a spurt, managed to maintain his advantage. The distance was traveled over by Hommey in 17m. 30s., with Terront second in 18m. 15s., and Manie third in 18m. 45s. The foregoing, clipped from *The London Sportsman*, is interesting reading in view of the fact that C. Terront, one of the foreign bicyclists now in this country, is billed as the champion of France.

NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.—The eighth competition for the amateur ten-mile champion belt of New England took place at Allston Hall, Boston, Mass., Dec. 3. The contestants were Brennan (holder); J. Cale, Union A. C; M. Battallo and J. Young, Boston A. C.; J. C. Muldoon, Nonpareil Club, Malden, Mass.; and P. Ryan, Boston. Battalio quit after going four miles, leaving the race to Brennan and Muldoon. The account before us says that both men ran during a great part of the time, but kept on the track until the ten miles were covered, Brennan finishing first in 1h. 33m. 40s., just two seconds before Muldoon. Mike McEttrick, the old professional distance-walker, was referee, and he did not give the race to either, but decided that the trophy must be again walked for, from which we infer that all the contestants indulged in running.

A THIRTY-HOUR RACE, go-as-you-please, for $100, $60, $30 and $10, contestants restricted to ten hours' work daily, took place at Galt, Ont., Nov. 27-29. Thirteen competed, and the result was: Jordan, 124 miles 4 laps; Simmons, 114 miles 9 laps; Warner, 161 miles 3 laps; Raine, 159 miles 9 laps; Hatton, 107 miles 1 lap; Archer, 147 miles 9 laps. John Raine and M. J. Byrne were also in the race.



FRANK C. BANCROFT, Manager,

has a record in that onerous position during the past two seasons that he can refer to with pardonable pride. He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1846, and has been an enthusiastic disciple of baseball from his youth. In his early days he pitched for an amateur club of his native town, and during the late war he spent the leisure hours of a four years' service in playing baseball. In 1876 Mr. Bancroft, who had been proprietor of a hotel at New Bedford, Mass., for several years, organized an association in that city, and established a ground which was made a paying institution by exhibition games. In 1878 the New Bedford Club was organized, and under his management they played 130 games during that season—the greatest number ever played by any club, and including victories in four out of five games with the strongest League clubs. The result at the end of 1878 was the gaining of the championship of the Northern Association. During 1879 he managed the Worcester Club of Worcester, Mass., with acknowleged credit, bringing out Richmond, a phenomenal pitcher, and enabling his nine to play 125 games—the greatest number credited to any one club in 1879, and including an almost unbroken succession of victories over all the prominent professional clubs. The fact that he is highly esteemed by the citizens of Worcester, Mass., is practically illustrated by his re-engagement as manager of their representative club. His executive qualities and business tact peculiarly adapt him for the position of manager, and the advantage of an officer of his value is proved by the pecuniary success of the New Bedfords in 1878 and the Worcesters during the past season. Personally, he is a man of good address, sharp and alert, is deservedly popular with his own nine, and has given great satisfaction in his business relations with all clubs. He has been engaged to manage a nine mainly composed of his last season's players during a trip to Cuba and the South, returning in the Spring of 1880, and assuming again the position of manager of the Worcester Club.

COLUMBIA vs. POLYTECHNIC.

The teams representing Columbia College Grammar-school and Polytechnic Institute played a match at football at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, E. D., Dec. 3. The Columbias had the "heft" on their side of the house, and, as a consequence, the leather was oftenest to be found on Polytechnic territory, the latter side being obliged to twice resort to safety touchdowns, and being finally beaten by one goal and two touch-downs to nothing. The boys held their own well in the first half of the contest, preventing their antagonists from making more than one touch-down; but in the next inning the weight told against them. The competing tens were: Columbia—Hausling, Morgan, Parsons, Van Shaick and Cowles, forwards; Eldridge, Whitney and Francke, half-backs; Rosden and Lynch, backs. Polytechnic—Shanks, Moran Griffin, Griffiths, Sherman and Moon, forwards; Jenks, Edwards and Chauncey, half-backs; Dike, back. Referee, W. T. Lawson. Time, 1h.

GYMNASTICS.—The Lafayette Turn Association of Baltimore, Md., gave their seventh public exhibition at their rooms, corner of Charles and Fayette streets, Dec. 4. The programme was: Horizontal-bar exercises, under the direction of W. Dillaway, by J. Renwick, J. Mechthchein, A. Gurmehl, A. Moran, J. Gilmore and G. Bodenberg; heavy dumb-bell lifting by P. Gumpman, J. Renwick, W. Dillaway, F. W. Zurmehl, and J. Gilmore; club-swinging, J. W. Foster; single trapeze by W. Dillaway; blackened-glove contest by P. Brack, C. Gilmore, W. Dillaway, F. W. Zermehl, A. Moran, S. S. Wolfandt, J. Gilmore and E. Carlisle. In a sparring contest for a silver medal, between W. Waxter and C. F. Andreae, Mr. Waxter was the winner, making 15 points to his opponent's 14. The judges were C. P. O'Connor and C. F. Andreae, and Foster.

EMILE REGNIER, well known in this country, and John Graham, the celebrated Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestler, have been matched for £100 to wrestle the best in five falls, French (or Græco-Roman, as it is called here) style, Dec. 8, in London, Eng., where Regnier has been living for some time past. A writer in *Land and Water* says: "I have often wondered why the French wrestlers have not made another visit to England, as they certainly proved a draw, and they must have profited considerably by their expedition. The international element in this match of Graham's will be sure to attract a good gate if a convenient locality be fixed upon."

THE WILLIAMSBURG ATHLETIC CLUB.—At a meeting of the Williamsburg (L. I.) Athletic Club, held at Literary Hall Nov. 28, the old organization was dissolved and all its effects made over to the new incorporated club. A new constitution was adopted, and the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, Jos. Sweeney; vice-president, Frank Sperry; secretary, John Wood Jr., treasurer, Charles Haselton; captain, John Carey; first-lieutenant, Walter Smith; second-lieutenant, Frank Wilson; corresponding secretary, N. I. Lyon; financial secretary, Walter Brower. The club is prosperous, and it is proposed to build a club-house and gymnasium on the grounds at Wythe avenue and Penn street.

JOHNNY GILDERSLEEVE, one of the old-time runners, is now residing in Roseburg, Oregon, and an old CLIPPER correspondent, who recently had a chat with the once-famous ped., reports that he looks well, and promises to live to a green old age. The sports of three decades ago will be gratified to know that the old runner is alive, and, though not able to cover ground quite so fast as when he ran against Freestone, Steeprock, Greenhalgh, McCabe, Taylor and others in the great ten-mile match at the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., Nov. 19, 1844, he still has his wits and faculties about him, and the old fire is yet within him.

MCIVER DEFEATS HARMON.—A match-race of one hundred and fifty yards was decided by Chas. McIver, the Canadian sprint-runner from Montreal, and Fred Harmon of St. Stephen, N. B., at Fleetwood Park, Morrisania, this city, on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 4. The weather was fine and the men were ditto. Harmon had a shade the best of the send-off, and he led for more than half the distance, but fifty yards from home one of his shoes broke, and he was beaten out by six inches.

THE LAFAYETTE ATHLETIC CLUB has been organized by young men residing in the upper part of this city, who have adopted as insignia a light-blue and cherry cross. The officers are: President, Jos. Bowman; vice-president, Jos. McMahon; secretary, John Donohue. The club room and grounds are located at Seventy-fifth street and North Riverside drive.

A FIVE-MILE WALK for a ten-dollar note came off at St. Andrew's Hall, Savannah, Ga., Sept. 22, and was won by Dunn in 47m. 25s., Siday, aged 54, being second, in 47m. 56s. The contestants were employes of the Central Railroad.

O'LEARY AND ENGLEHARDT propose to give the Pittsburgers a chance to see some of the prominent pedestrians on the track during Christmas-week.

W. A. MORRISSEY defeated Thos. H. Curley in a 3½ hours' race for $50 at Stillwater, N. Y., covering 21 miles 15 laps (37 laps to the mile).

THE TRIGGER.

THE CHAMPION MARKSMAN'S BADGE of the Bergen Rifle Club was shot for Dec. 3, at 200yds., ten shots, offhand, fifty points possible. Result: D. H. La Compte, 45; J. S. Long, 42; S. W. Oates, 42; Matt Lemuel, 42; P. H. Bennett, 41; W. Bennett, 40; C. Schaefer, 40; and D. B. Banks, 38.

M. DEXTER of the Long Branch Pigeon Club was the successful shootist in a contest for a shotgun offered by Captain Ellis and contended for at Rahway, N. J., Dec. 5. Each man shot at ten birds—five at 21yds. and five at 25yds.—and Dexter killed all his birds.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S MATCH was finished at Camden range, Camden, N. J., Dec. 4, the winner being Sergt. A. J. Milliette, whose aggregate score for the season was 25,214; Colonel D. Loder followed with 13,755.

THE SUM of $200 depended on the result of a match at 100 glass balls each, 21yds. rise, revolving trap, shot near Red Bank, N. J., Dec. 5, by D. L. Gildersleeve and Wm. Quimbo; score, 89 to 83, in favor of the former.

J. STEVENS, a Harvard student, won a silver cup in a glass-ball shoot at Fresh Pond, Boston, Mass., Nov. 27, scoring 17 out of 20 shot at. Policeman Pullen won second prize.

A MATCH of fifty birds, 25yds. rise, two traps, Long Island rules, between James Sandford and M. Benjamin, was decided at Bergen Point, N. J., Dec. 4, the former killing 22 to 19.

A MATCH at fifty birds each, between Seth Griswold and Louis D. Green, was shot at Morganville, N. Y., Dec. 1. The distance was 21yds., and Griswold killed 41 to Green's 40.

THE FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB'S monthly shoot took place at the Brooklyn (L. I.) Driving Park Dec. 3, C. W. Wingert winning, on the fourth shoot-off with H. Hass. Score, 16 to 15.

C. L. HAIGHT outshot W. Baylis in a match for $100, fifty birds each, 26yds. rise, one barrel, Long Island rules, at Woodbridge, N. J., Dec. 5. Score, 42 to 39.

W. GREEN killed 17 to C. Lorrimer's 14 in a pigeon match, for $50, near Matawan, N. J., Dec. 4. They shot at 26yds., each man firing at 21 birds.

WM. QUIMBO was victorious over D. H. Gildersleeve in a glass-ball match at Red Bank, N. J., Dec. 3; score, 36 to 83, out of 100 each.

AS THERE is no law to prevent killing fish in the streams of Georgia by exploding cartridges of dynamite under water, it is becoming a popular pastime.

BASEBALL.

REVIEWING THE SEASON.
The Baseplayers of 1879.

There was a great deal of bad management exhibited during the past season, not only in selecting players for basemen-teams in the nines of the League and National Associations, but also in placing the men in positions. Somehow or other the majority of club managers cannot be brought to realize the importance of forming their basemen-teams of men who can play well together. They seem to think that, if they can get hold of first-class individual players for each of the three base positions, that is all that is necessary. Moreover, they entertain the erroneous idea too frequently that, because a man can play the third base in first-class style, he can surely fill either that of second or first base equally well. It is, of course, generally conceded that a player may excel at first base who could not play as well at second or third. But it is not so generally understood that the rule applies almost similarly, in many respects, in regard to a third-baseman's playing at first base. The fact is, every season's play sees each separate position becoming more distinct in the peculiar points of play required, while each year sees more and more needs home-players to fill them properly. At first base the feature of the work to be done there is to stop badly-thrown balls, and to hold swiftly-thrown balls. At second base, it is to cover a great deal of infield ground, to be active in putting the ball on runners in playing for doubles, and to be well up in strategic points. At third it is to look out for high-twisting fouls, and to attend to the hardest-hit balls, and make the longest and quickest throws—in fact, to play third base well is to do the hardest of the infield work. But what each season's experience in baseplaying shows plainly is the importance of having the three basemen work as a team. This has only begun to be seen as an important essential in successful base-play as a nine. A team of three base-players who have been working together in their positions for two or three seasons, and who are not only familiar with one another's strong and weak points, but who work together with combined and harmonious effort, are far more effective than three players who are individually superior players, but who have not worked together a single season as a team. Last season, instance after instance occurred in which men were substituted as players in a basemen-team for those who had become familiar with their brother basemen's play, only because the new men were considered as superior players individually to those they replaced. The result of such change was of necessity demoralizing on the play of the others as a team. Then, too, men were changed from one base to another, as if it were an understood thing that a good base-player at third or second or first could be transferred to the opposite base without any depreciation in the quality of the play he would exhibit in his new position. Another mistake made last season in the make-up of base-teams was that of placing the left-handed men on any base but the first. A left-handed first baseman finds the hand he can use with the greatest facility ready to pick up balls which come on foul ground to the left of him; while, on the other hand, the third-baseman finds his right hand most available to cover a similar class of balls at his right. At third or second base a left-hand player is unquestionably out of position, as he is also at short-stop, though not to so great an extent. Good basemen-team-work develops remarkable promptitude in doubling up runners and in preventing runners from getting in from third on the slow running of players from first to second to let other runners in. Base-players who do not back up one another well, and who do not play as a team, rarely succeed in doubling up, or in playing any other strong infield point. In making up a basemen-team, while you try to get a Joe Start for first base, a Farrell for second, and a Williamson for third, above all see to it that the men are such in character and disposition as to enable them to work in harmony together, or half the value of their individual skill as players will be lost. The League basemen who excelled in their positions during 1879 were Anson, Start and Morrill at first base, Quest, Glasscock and Burdock at second base, and McGeary, Richardson and Williamson at third base, according to the figures of the League averages. The National averages not having as yet been made out, we cannot give the leaders. Fulmer did some fine second-base play for the Buffalos, Farrell for the Providence, while Walker excelled at first base, as did Cogswell.

CINCINNATI vs. KNICKERBOCKER.

The game at the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 23, between the above-named clubs, was witnessed by about 2,500 spectators. From the fourth to the ninth inning the game was hotly contested and of the most exciting nature, but in the ninth the Cincinnatis by hard hits succeeded in rattling the Knicks and won the game. Nolan pitched in splendid form, striking out six of his opponents. Taylor by his base-play and a "corker" over Rowe's head (making a home-run) increased the good impression he has made on that coast. The fielding of the Knicks was superior to that of the visitors. The errors on both sides were attributable to bad throwing; even Force, who has fielded magnificently in all the other games, being "off" in that respect. Bailey made an exceedingly difficult catch, and McVey covered first bag in efficient style.

CINCINNATI.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	KNICK'B'K.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hotaling, cf.	4	0	0	1	0	Nolan, p.....	4	1	2	2	11	0
Kelly, 2d b.	4	1	2	1	0	Corpeiten, ss.	4	1	2	2	0	1
Rowe, l. f....	4	2	1	0	0	Smith, 1st b.	4	1	0	7	0	0
McVey, 1st b.	4	0	1	11	0	0	Willgrod, cl.	4	0	2	0	1	0
Clapp, c.....	4	2	1	6	2	2	Barnie, c....	4	0	1	10	2	2
Galvin, c.....	4	0	0	0	1	5	Taylor, 3d b.	4	1	1	3	3	1
Smith, 2d b..	4	1	1	6	3	3	Bailey, r. f..	4	0	0	1	0	0
Purcell, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Angus, l. f..	4	0	0	0	0	0
Force, s. s..	3	1	2	1	4	2	Dolan, 2d b.	3	0	0	2	0	1
Totals....	35	7	8	27	14	9	Totals....	35	4	8	27	17	5

Cincinnati.....	1	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	4
Knickerbocker..	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—7

Earned run—Knickerbocker, 1. Home-run—Taylor. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 1; Knickerbocker, 4. Struck out—Cincinnati, 6; Knickerbocker

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters to remain or received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 8.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonio, Tillie
Adams, Mrs. Edwin
Ames, Pauline
Beaux, mt. Nellie
Brady, Leanora
Burdeau, Mrs. Jane
Bay dy, Lena (care T. Cal Brady)
Bordeau, Mrs. (equestrienne)
Bliss, Louisa
Brooks, Mrs. Hattie A.
Boyd, Mrs. Chas. R.
Bell, Bessie
Bell, Georgie
Clyde, Minnie (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Campbell, Nora (late of Sutherland's Co.)
Clifford, Maude
Celeste, Rose
Clifton, Sadie
Campbell, Mrs. H. J. (late of Pittsburg)
Daly, Lizzie (of Mont y's Minst.)
Dixon, Blanche (of The London, N.Y.)
Darling, Bessie
Duci se, Minon (6
Doty, Miss L. L.
Dar sy, Marian
De Forrest, Carrie (of Oates' Opera Co.)
Dunbar, E. C.
Doherty, Ada
Drayton, Her (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Duncan, Alice
Demott, James
Daly, W. H.
Dalton, Mrs. Harry'sch. Ch. Pin. Co.)
Dellmore, Harry
Dawson, D. (Mus. & Rank. Mun.)
Dodge, Ben (2)
Doerr, Frank
Duncan, A. (ventriloquist)
Dooley & Tenbrook
Duncan, Chas. H.
Drew, Mike
Davis, Homer
Delmaine Bros.
Ewers, C. (of Sisters' Circus)
Ellerroth, Geo.
English, Mel. B. (manager)
Eutler, Andy (Hebrew "bit")
Bowen, Eli
Bentley, C. (of Hyde & Behman Co.)
Bryant, Nelly
Brazziers, The
Beresford, Frank
Brazzier, W. L. P.
Burgess, Cool (3d)
Bailey, W. (of having Bailey's London Circus)
Bryant & Saville
Bush, F. (of Pastor's Co.)
Budworth, H. (of Pastor's Co.)
Brazier, R. K. (2)
Bunnell, G. (with Barnum's Annex)
Barry, C. W.
Brewster, F. (with Big 4 Minst.)
Byrne, Jennie H.
Burgess, Joseph
Barrett, Lawrence
Burnett, Alf.
Barnard, C. (of Welch & Rice's Min.)
Bishop, T. (of Hyers Sisters Co.)
Bishop, T. (of Nonpareil Minst.)
Barry, Lizzie (of Dan Rice's Cir.)
Brown, Thos. W.
Kennedy (of Coup, W. C.
Clark, J. P.
Cecil, Prof.
Cowles, Mel B. (agent)
Crumley & DeForrest (2)
Clare, Joe (of Oates' Opera Co.)
Chanfrau, Henri T.
Casey, —(late Wesley & Casey)
Cooper, Jas. (drama-tic "bit")
Campbell, Bartley (2)
Calice, M. (of Grau's Opera Co.)
Cody, W. F.
Clifton, Frank R.
Conway, Billy (of Healy & Conway)
Chapman, John C.
Casey, T.
Collins, H. B. (p. o. m. Sheffield, Eng.)
Cooper, T. (of Holly & Cooper)
Cooper, J. (of Dan Rice Co.)
Coleman, J. A.
Caverly, R. B
Cook, Ida
Carson, Jr., Kit
Devlin & Tracey
Dailey, (French p.o. mark)
Dunbar, E. C.
Dobonjey, J.
Drayton, Her (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Duncan, Alice
Demott, James
Daly, W. H.
Dalton, Mrs. Harry'sch. Ch. Pin. Co.)
Dellmore, Harry
Dawson, D. (Mus. & Rank. Mun.)
Doerr, Frank
Duncan, A. (ventriloquist)
Dooley & Tenbrook
Duncan, Chas. H.
Drew, Mike
Davis, Homer
Delmaine Bros.
Ewers, C. (of Sisters' Circus)
Ellerroth, Geo.
English, Mel. B. (manager)
Butler, Andy (Hebrew "bit")
Bowen, Eli
Bentley, C. (of Hyde & Behman Co.)
Bryant, Nelly
Brazziers, The
Beresford, Frank
Brazzier, W. L. P.
Burgess, Cool (3d)
Bailey, W. (of having Barnum

NOTHING STARTLING will be found this week in our correspondent's review of dramatic affairs in Chicago, Ill., up to Dec. 6, which is appended: "Only a fair business was done at our various theatres. At McVicker's, Annie Pixley gave her conception of M'liss in the drama of that name. She has added considerable business and music to the role. Robert Fulford, instead of John Gray, plays Juan Walters this season, but does not succeed in making a strong character-portrait of it. They go to Cleveland. Adelaide Neilson and company begin a season of two weeks, opening in 'Romeo and Juliet' 5. ... At Hooley's, John T. Raymond received a good attendance. 'Wolfert's Roost' was the bill of the week. The scenery has been nearly all new, and the finest seen at this house for some time, the sets of the first, second and last acts being very chaste and appropriate in design and coloring. During his second week, beginning 8, Mr. Raymond appears in 'Col. Sellers,' 'Risks,' and 'My Son.'.....At Haverly's, Tony Denier's 'Humpty Dumpty' Pantomime Troupe presented an excellent entertainment, and Manager Denier and Treasurer Hildreth have been courteous and attentive to old and new visitors. The first and third acts comprised the tricks and antics of Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine, represented respectively by George H. Adams, Charles Adams, William Emlon and Miss Mabel Stanton. The second act was given up to the specialties of the novelty company, consisting of Messrs. Ripley and Reed in an amusing musical act; Miss Jessie Forrester in ballads; McAuley and Howe in harp and songs-and-dances; Mabel Stanton in skipping-rope dances; George Adams in a stilt act; 'Punch' Walton in a musical act; Miss Alice Smith in songs-and-dances; George W. Hunter in Irish songs; E. C. Dunbar, the Milanese piper; Little Rosebud in songs-and-dances; and the Davenport Brothers in acrobatic acts. Tony Denier's Company goes to Cincinnati. Haverly's Juvenile "Pinafore" open 8, and Rice's Surprise Party 15.....At Hamlin's, Richmond & Von Boyle's Company presented 'Our Candidate' all of the week. Harry G. Richmond's performance of the role of the Hon. Josephus Grimwig, our candidate, was a very clever piece of eccentric character acting. Miss Florence Stover made a charming Lilian, and the rest of the cast was equal to the requirements of the play. They go to Logansport, Ind., 8, 9, Dayton, O., 10, Springfield 11, Chillicothe 12, Steubenville 13. The Pathfinders open here 8, and Graves' 'Queen's Evidence' Company 15.....At the Lyceum, Fred Wren presents 'On Time' during his second week, beginning 8.....At the Halsted-street Opera-house 'O'Neil the Great' is announced for 8, John R. Allen appearing as the star.....At Mueller's Hall 8 & P. Kilbourne in 'Swamp Angels'.....A spectacular piece is underlined at the National.....Willis Ross, late of New York, has established a dramatic and variety agency here."

LOTTA AND HER COMBINATION closed Nov. 29 moderately successful engagement of two weeks in Bidwell's Academy of Music, New Orleans, La. Our correspondent says: "On some occasions the house was packed, but at others there was an array of empty benches, not seen during her previous engagements here. This was partly owing to counter-attractions, and partly to the fact that all the plays presented had been seen here in several previous seasons. Lotta and company left for Memphis, Nashville, etc., 30, and on that evening the Frayne-Tiffany Combination made their first appearance in New Orleans before a crowded audience, '81 Slocum' being the play. At the close of th's engagement, Dec. 7, they go to Texas. Rice's Surprise Party open here on that date in 'Horrors.'.....At the Grand Opera-house Collier's Union-square Combination produced to excellent audiences during the week 'A Celebrated Case' and 'The Danichefs,' and closed Nov. 29. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence opened 30 in 'The Mighty Dollar' to good business. The play, which is entirely new here, was received with enthusiasm. The engagement will terminate Dec. 7, and Max Maretzek's opera of 'Sleepy Hollow' will be produced 8."

JOHN MCCULLOUGH'S second week at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., was as successful as his first. He goes to Baltimore Dec. 8, for one week. McKee Rankin and company open at the National 8, for one week.....Joseph Jefferson commences a week's engagement in Ford's Opera-house 8.

GEO. W. SIDNEY has been engaged to go ahead for John McCullough one week, and then in advance of Robson and Lotta, commencing Dec. 8.

J. ST. MAUR has been engaged to go in advance of Lotta, commencing this week.

HARRY LINDLEY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, says our correspondent, "played to poor business in Halifax, N. S., during the week ending Nov. 29. 'The burlesque operetta of 'Leo and Lotus' held the boards Dec. 1, 2 and failed financially. The house was closed 3, 4, to give time for the rehearsal of 'The French Spy,' which was to be produced 5. The troupe will be strengthened by the addition of several of the late members of Nannary's company, who returned from Newfoundland by the last steamer."

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY presented "Horrors" in the Masonic Theatre, Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 1, "Revels" 2, "Babes in the Woods" matinee 3, and "Robinson Crusoe" night. Large audiences greeted them at each performance. They commence a two weeks' engagement in New Orleans 8; thence to Haverly's Theatre, Chicago.....Lotta appeared to overflowing audiences 5, 6, giving "Zip" and "The Little Detective."

ACCIDENT.—Steele Mackaye's Madison-square Theatre Company appeared in "An Iron Will" in Reading, Pa., Dec. 2, to moderate business. Our correspondent says: "On entering the Academy by the stage entrance, Miss Cecile Rush fell and severely hurt her left arm; but she played her character so ably that no one in the audience was aware of the accident. Physicians were called in and they applied the necessary remedies. The company open at Haverly's Theatre, Brooklyn, 8."

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION are to be in Madison, Ind., Dec. 8, Shelbyville 10.

DUNN'S COMPANIES are booked in St. Paul, Minn., for two or three weeks to come.

THE NEW THEATRE in course of construction in Murfreesboro, Tenn., will be ready for occupation by Jan. 1, 1880. Mr. Osborne will be its manager.

ADA GRAY, supported by the Watkins Combination, played in Lancaster, Pa., Dec 3, Zanesville 2, 3, Newark 4, Columbus 5, 6, and are to be in Washington C. H. 8, 9, Wilmington 10, 11, Lebanon 12, 13.

LAWRENCE BARRETT closed a week's engagement in the Grand Opera-house, Milwaukee, Wis., Dec 6, business having been large.

DANIEL BANDMANN, supported by his own company, began an engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 4, in "Narcisse." He was to have opened 1, but the loss of his wardrobe by the burning of the Grand Opera-house in Toronto prevented him from doing so, and the Arch was consequently closed the first three nights of the week. Mr. Bandmann was well received, and attracted fair attendance. His supporting company was not in all respects satisfactory. There was no change of bill during the week. The audience on the opening night was quite enthusiastic, and, besides other calls before the curtain to Mr. Bandmann, gave him a very hearty one at the close of the play. In response the tragedian made a neat speech, thanking his kind friends in front, and saying that in the fifteen years since he last appeared in the Quaker City, while in its suburban district of Germantown he made his first appearance on any stage as an actor, in the German language, twenty years ago. He alluded to the recent destruction by fire of the Toronto Grand Opera-house, and spoke in the highest terms of Mrs. John Drew, the lessee of the Arch, through whose kindness and generosity it had been made possible for him to appear so soon after the loss of his wardrobe and properties. Bandmann remains the current week, giving "Hamlet" 8 and 9, when Mrs. Bandmann as Ophelia will appear for the first time during the present engagement; "Merchant of Venice" 10, 11, "Othello" 12, "Macbeth" 13, and "School for Scandal" afternoon of that date. Leonia Moss supported Mr. Bandmann the past week, having generously volunteered her services as an expression of sympathy. Robson and Crane 15.

"THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP" was the bill of fare presented at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, Dec. 1, and during the week, except on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, when "The Staff of Diamonds" and "Turn Him Out" were given.

LILLIE HINTON, a young Philadelphia girl of rare promise, who has frequently appeared at the theatres of her native city as a recitationist, commences an engagement at Wood's Museum Dec. 8 in "Leah the Forsaken."

ED. BROWN is requested by Felix A. Vincent to join him at once in Ravenna, O. See card.

"RUTH, OR THE CHASE OF RM," closed a two weeks' run at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Dec. 6, under the management of T. B. Pugh and H. C. Jarrett.

F. C. BANGS contemplates doing Joseph Balsamo. His combination having disbanded, he and his manager, T. Slater Smith, have returned to Philadelphia.

C. E. CORBLY publishes a card stating that he has ceased to be manager for Miss Minnie Cummings.

DECEIVING THE CRITICS.—Robson and Crane in "The Comedy of Errors" were billed at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., Dec. 1, 2, 3; but, says our correspondent, "owing to illness Mr. Crane failed to be present, John Marble of the company appearing in his stead as the Dromio of Ephesus. Mr. Robson, however, did the greater portion of the acting for both Dromios, Marble coming on only when it was absolutely necessary. The joke of the matter was that the local critics were not aware of Crane's absence (which fact, by the way, was not announced by the management either on the house-bills or otherwise), and were loud in their praises of Mr. Crane's wonderful imitations of Robson, when in reality the latter was doing nearly all the business alone. The attendance during the engagement was very good. Route: Novelty Theatre, Williamsburg, 8 for one week. Aldrich and Parsloe in 'My Partner' filled out the week to large business."

AT HAVERLY'S THEATRE, Brooklyn, last week, "The Octoroon" drew good houses, the colored vocalists proving to be an attractive feature. This week the Madison-square Dramatic Company are to appear in "An Iron Will." The French-opera Company is underlined for Dec. 15.

MR. SOTHERN appeared at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, as Dundreary, Dec. 1, 2, 3, and the Tuesday matinee; in "The Crushed Tragedian" 4 and Saturday matinee; and in 'David Garrick" 5, 6. Business was fair only. This week Kate Claxton and her company in "The Double Marriage" and "The Two Orphans." Bandmann follows 15.

MADAME ISCHIK and the Germania Theatre Company are to give a performance for the benefit of the poor in the Academy, Brooklyn, Dec. 10.

"MY PARTNER" afforded satisfaction to good-sized audiences at Rand's Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., Dec. 2, 3. Reeves' "Pinafore" Troupe played to fair business 4, 5, going to Rutland, Vt., 6; thence to Holyoke, Mass., for one week.....The Tourists at the Griswold Opera-house, says our correspondent, "drew immense audiences 5, 6, and made the most pronounced hit of the season. Manager J. P. Smith agitated the bass drum and cymbals in the orchestra during the Skidmore act."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON in Ford's Opera-house, Baltimore, played to the largest audiences of the season the past week. Nat Goodwin and Eliza Weathersby in "Hobbies" open 8 for one week.....The attraction at the Holliday-street Theatre was Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow," to moderate business. John McCullough is the star this week.

HARRY WEBBER and company performed "Nip and Tuck" in the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., the past week to fair business. Route: Oil City 8, Bradford 9, 10, Hornellsville 11, Scranton 12, 13, Philadelphia 15, one week. The Nell Burgess Widow Bedott Combination are announced 8, for one week, and the Alberta Troupe 15.

THE CITY COUNCIL of Cleveland, O., have passed an ordinance restraining managers of theatrical and other public exhibitions from reserving seats in their places of amusements unless the same have been really sold.

MAUDE OSWALD'S DRAMATIC CO. is billed in Coudersport, Pa., Dec. 8, 9, Port Alleghany 10, 11, Duke Centre 12, 13.

W. J. FLORENCE AND WIFE begin an engagement of one week at Leubrie's Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 8.....Lotta played Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, to good business.

FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent writes: "Hearne and Belasco's new play 'Hearts of Oak' has been the attraction all the week at the Grand Opera-house, drawing good audiences. In the way of scenic effects and properties the management fairly laid itself out. A real rain storm in the first act was so very real that on the first night it wet the act-drop through and through. The scenery was all painted for the piece, and was simply magnificent. The cast was the same as in Chicago, and the performance was in the main excellent. Katharine Corcoran, the Chrystal, made herself a favorite at once; Terry Denison, by James A. Herne, was rendered with deep feeling and good effect. Frank R. Pierce, W. H. Crompton, and Little Alice Hamilton were noticeably good. Tony Denier's Pantomime Company opens Dec. 8, Haverly's Georgia Minstrels 15, and Nick Roberts' 'Humpty Dumpty' 22.....Josedly concertized at Pike's Opera-house 1, 2, 3, to light business. Miss Neilson played in 'Romeo and Juliet' 4, 'As You Like It' 5, 'Twelfth Night' matinee and evening 6, to enormous business. It was a foolish mistake in her manager not to play her here a week. Artistically, she was equally successful. Edward Compton, her principal support, was fairly liked. The rest of the support might be classed as medium. The Emma Abbott Opera Company follows 8.....Alberta opened at Heuck's Opera-house 1 in 'Fifine.' Neither star nor play was a brilliant success, and the attendance has been but moderate. Dillon & Blaisdell's Combination follows 8 in 'Our Next President,' and the Pathfinders in 'Scraps' 15.....Joseph Proctor is in the city. He plays at Heuck's in February.....Dominick Murray is to play a second engagement at the Coliseum shortly.....Miss Minnie Cummings was in the city this week, and left 5 for New York.....Miss Anna Boyle was in the city to-day on a brief visit. She opens at the Metropolitan, Louisville, Ky., 8, in Frank Foster's new play 'Oppressed.'"

"JOSHUA WHITCOMB," the vehicle for Denman Thompson's familiar and artistic characterization of the old New England farmer, attracted large houses at Theall's Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., last week, than it did at another house in the same city the previous week. The star was well supported by his own company, and the piece was satisfactorily mounted. We are informed that the sketch—then called "The Female Bathers"—in which Mr. Thompson first appeared as Uncle Josh, and out of which the present drama has grown, was produced for the first time on any stage at Theall & Carton's Theatre Comique, Brooklyn; but the play is now as much superior to its prototype as the new theatre is to the old Comique. The company will perform in Paterson, N. J., Dec. 8, Newark 9, Jersey City 10, Trenton 11, Lancaster, Pa., 12, Pottsville 13. At the Novelty Robson and Crane are to appear as the two Dromios this week.

DANIEL R. BANDMANN, supported by Mrs. Bandmann (Miss Millie Palmer), Aug. Pitou, who volunteered his services, and his own company, appeared at the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, which was kindly granted free of charge by Manager Kero, Dec. 1 and 2, presenting "The Lady of Lyons," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Richard III." Our correspondent says: "The attendance was large, Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann being enthusiastically received, and nightly called before the curtain. On the closing evening, the audiences demanding a speech, Mr. Bandmann complied, thanking the citizens generally for the many kindnesses shown him and his company since their first appearance in this city. C. L. Graves' 'Queen's Evidence' Combination filled out the remainder of the week, presenting 'Queen's Evidence' and 'A Soldier's Trust.' Business fair. Route: Simcoe, Ont., 8, and then through Michigan.....The loss by the late fire at the Grand Opera-house is $75,000, the insurance thereon being only $37,000. Workmen have already begun to clear away the debris previous to commencing building operations. Mr. Manning is determined to have the house completed and opened early in February. In the meantime Mr. Pitou has made arrangements to bring his attractions to the Albert Hall and the Pavilion at the Horticultural Gardens.....The victims of the late fire were buried on the 3d in St. James' Episcopal Cemetery, their friends having telegraphed from Philadelphia to have them interred in this city. The funeral was attended by the attaches of both theatres in a body. Mr. Manning bore the whole expenses of the funeral."

THE ENGAGEMENT of Collier's "Banker's Daughter" Combination at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, which began Dec. 1, has proved the most potent attraction of the season, both artistically and financially, the house being crowded nightly. Monday, Dec. 8, the Frayne-Tiffany Combination open.

AGNES HERNDON and company in "Fate" are to play in the Academy of Music, Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 11, 12, 13.

J. W. CARNER produced "Rip Van Winkle" at Wagner's Opera-house, Bradford, Pa., Nov. 28, and "Jack Starling" 29, to large business. He is now playing his combination through small towns in this vicinity. The seating capacity of the Opera-house is to be enlarged.

THE CRITERION COMEDY COMPANY performed in Akron, O., Dec. 1, 2, Columbus 3, 4, Wheeling, W. Va., 5, 6, and are billed in Pittsburg, Pa., 8, and Williamsburg, L. I., 15, one week.

MARRIED.—George Bird and Helen Adell of Harry Lindley's Company, who played in Halifax, N. S., were married there Dec. 3.

ANNIE PIXLEY TO HAVE A NEW PLAY.—Our Indianapolis correspondent sends the following notes: "Salsbury's Troubadours drew large audiences to the Park Theatre Dec. 4, 5. Route: St. Louis 8, Louisville 15, Nashville 22, New Orleans 29, one week each.....Fanny Davenport was billed at the Park 1, 2, 3; but the route was changed, and she will not appear here until later in the season. Lotta is billed 8, 9, 10, followed by Lawrence Barrett 11, 12, 13.....'Hearts of Oak' is the next attraction at the Grand 8, 9, 10, and matinee.....It is now said that Jean Delmar has joined the Rice Surprise Party.....The Knights of Pythias, whose recent presentations of 'Damon and Pythias' met with so much success here, contemplate producing that play in Madison, Ind., at an early date, with Mr. Hanblett as Damon.....Major Robb, Emmett has concluded a contract with the Lotta troupe that has railroad transportation for a distance of 1,800 miles, embracing the cities of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Washington, Baltimore and Boston....Miss Annie Pixley stated to an interviewer in this city that negotiations are pending for a new drama for her—one entirely foreign to 'M'liss,' and in all probability after the style of 'Carmen.'"

OLIVER DOUD BYRON drew good-sized audiences to Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 1, 2, 3. Mary Anderson held the boards the rest of the week, and at each performance "Standing-room Only" was displayed. John W. Norton was her chief support. She is to perform in Dayton, O., Dec. 8, Chillicothe 9, Columbus 10, 11, Wheeling, W. V., 12, 13, Youngstown, O., 15, Akron 16, Cleveland 17, 18, 20.....Lotta is announced for 11, 12, 13, and Salsbury's Troubadours open 15.....Miss Adele Belgarde is to make her first appearance here under the management of H. J. Sargent, in Davis' Theatre, 8. Many seats have been sold in advance. Letter of Dec. 6.

IN THE RICHMOND (Va.) THEATRE Maggie Mitchell and company opened Dec. 1, for four nights. The attendance was only fair. Route: Norfolk 5, Petersburg 6, Charleston, S. C., 8, 9, Savannah, Ga., 10, 11, Augusta 12, 13, Atlanta 15, 16, Montgomery, Ala., 17, 18, Mobile 19, 20.....McCullough and company played 5, 6. Owing to bad weather and the small audience present, no matinee was given 6.

"MOLL PITCHER" was played Dec. 1 at the Metropolitan Theatre, Minneapolis, Minn., "Ireland As It Was" 2, and "Rose Michel" 3, 4, 5, 6, to fair business.

JOHN P. SMITH'S TOURISTS appeared in the Opera-house, New Haven, Ct., Dec. 2, 3, to large business; thence to Hartford 4, Troy, N. Y., 5, 6, Albany 8, one week, Boston, Mass., 15, three weeks.

NELL BURGESS and combination in "Widow Bedott" played a profitable four nights' engagement in the Academy of Music, Buffalo, commencing Dec. 1. H. J. Sargent's Comedy Company in "Contempt of Court" open 8.

B. MACAULEY'S COMBINATION is billed in Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 8, Evansville 9, Henderson, Ky., 10, Hopkinsville 11, Nashville, Tenn., 12, 13, Columbia 15, Huntsville, Ala., 16, Chattanooga, Tenn., 17, Rome, Ga., 18, and Atlanta 19, 20.

NICK ROBERTS' "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe played Nov. 4, 5, 6, in the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., to large business. The three clowns, Leon Whetiony, animal impersonator, Chas. Omweg, the Miacos, Chas. and Carrie Austin and others were especially noticeable.

GEORGE H. ADAMS, clown with Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe, was presented with a daughter by his wife at 6.30 A. M. Dec. 5 in Grimaldi Villa, Chicago, Ill.

THE COMEDY STARS—Miss Genevieve Rogers, Frank E. Aiken and Owen Fawcett—supported by a company under the management of J. W. Wallack, are to play in Michigan City, Ind., Dec. 8, Niles, Mich., 9, Muskegon 10, Grand Haven 11, Albion 12, Marshall 13.

IT IS A CURRENT RUMOR in Syracuse, N. Y., says our correspondent, "that S. M. Hickey is to have the management of the New Grand Opera-house. This is true to the extent that overtures have been made to him to this effect. The result, however, is in doubt."

J. W. CARNER'S COMBINATION in "Rip Van Winkle" is billed in Hornellsville, N. Y., for Dec. 8.

THE RYER SISTERS' COMBINATION in "Out of Bondage" are to play in Olean, N. Y., Dec. 11, Bradford, Pa., 12, 13, Rochester, N. Y., 16, 17, Canandaigua 18, Geneva 19, Auburn 20. T. Brigham Bishop is the business-manager.

JOHN A. STEVENS in "Unknown" has changed his route to Columbus, O., Dec. 9, Dayton 10, Terre Haute, Ind., 11, 12, Evansville 13, and St. Louis 15, one week.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "Vigilantes" was fairly successful at the New National, Philadelphia, last week. It was handsomely mounted and was satisfactorily acted.

"OUR GIRLS" drew well at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, up to Dec. 3, after which date it was withdrawn, "Our Boys" being given 4 and during the remainder of the week. It also attracted good audiences.

"EVANGELINE" was produced at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 1, and given throughout the week, by Rice's "Evangeline" Company, to fine business. Louise Searle was a dashing Gabriel, and sang in splendid style; Harry Hunter was as funny as ever as the Lone Fisherman; and the other members of the cast acquitted themselves creditably. This company remain the current week, giving "Conrad the Corsair....Kate Claxton comes 15, "CHAMPAGNE AND OYSTERS," as presented by the Park Theatre Comedy Company, was witnessed by fair audiences at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. Aldrich and Parsloe in "My Partner" begin 8, followed by Gus Williams 22.....Geo. K. Goodwin, lessee of this house, informs a CLIPPER representative that Henry E. Abbey will retire from all connection with the establishment Jan. 31, 1880, and that after that date it will be under Mr. Goodwin's sole management.

MANAGER MISHLER will present Robson and Crane in Wilmington Dec. 22, Reading 23, Wilkesbarre 24, Scranton 25, Pittsville 26, and Lancaster 27.

MATTIE VICKERS' COMEDY COMPANY, as reorganized, includes, besides that lady, Charles S. Rogers, Wood Benson, Frank W. Irving, John P. Fisher, and the Misses Bida Vickers and Ella Barker. They are playing a piece called "Our Picnic."

THE GUS WILLIAMS COMPANY opened a season of seven nights in Grayville, Ill., Dec. 6; thence to Albion 15 for one week. The company consists of J. G. Stuttz, C. Toler Wolfe, C. J. Breen, J. E. Stuttz, Ed. Clinton and P. R. French, the Misses Stella Mason, Alma, Helen Stuart, Jessie Crisp, and Alice Rainford, and Mrs. A. Bowers.

J. H. HUNTLEY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY are booked in Holly Springs, Miss., Dec. 11, 12, 13, Jackson, Tenn., 15, 16, 17, Florence, Ala., 18, 19, 20.

THE CRITERION COMEDY COMPANY open for one week in the Pittsburg, Pa., Opera-house Dec. 8, followed by the Burgess & Locke Combination 15.....Lawrence Barrett and company will play one week at Library Hall, commencing Dec. 22.....The Miss Lilian Spencer testimonial takes place at Library Hall Dec. 19.

MISS MINNIE CUMMINGS announces that she has completed her new play "Suspected," and that it is ready for production. It is an emotional society drama in five acts and tableaux. Her card gives particulars.

"THE BLACK CROOK" was the attraction last week in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house to fair business. The house will be closed this week.

LESTER WALLACK and company are to perform in Stamford, Ct., Dec. 8, Bridgeport 9, Waterbury 10, Meriden 11, Hartford 12, New Haven 13, and Springfield, Mass., 15.

MISS KITTIE LOUGEE and company are to perform in Quincy, Mass., Dec. 8, 9, Stoneham 10.

A LEADING JUVENILE-LADY and a good advance-agent can be engaged. Address W. J. Hall, as per card.

Continued on Page 299.

AMUSEMENTS.

DALY'S NEW THEATRE, Broadway and 30th street. The only theatre under the management of AUGUSTIN DALY.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
AN ARABIAN NIGHT.
Every night at 8. Matinee to-morrow at 2 and Saturday at 2.
A play with a thousand and one laughs.
A MOST EMPHATIC SUCCESS. 38-1t*

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS Opera-house, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street. The Family Resort. Great success of the funny piece,
THOMPSON-STREET FLATS
IN TWO STORIES ON THE LEVEL.
THIRD WEEK OF
THE TURKISH PATROL
RECEIVED WITH SHRIEKS NIGHTLY.
THE SKIDS ARE OUT TO-DAY.
SEATS SECURED. Matinee Saturday at 2. 38-1t*

HAVERLY'S THEATRE, corner Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue.
J. H. HAVERLY.....Proprietor and Manager
Bartley Campbell's five-act COMEDY-DRAMA,
THE GALLEY SLAVE,
HAVING ACHIEVED AN INSTANTANEOUS AND PERFECT SUCCESS,
will be repeated EVERY EVENING until further notice, and at the
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES at 2 P. M.
To accommodate the HUNDREDS WHO HAVE BEEN TURNED AWAY during the past week, the box-office will be kept open for the sale of seats
TEN DAYS IN ADVANCE. 38-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
EIGHTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
Reserved Seats (Orchestra Circle and Balcony), 50c.
A limited engagement with Mr. SOTHERN and his admirable company of comedians, SOTHERN as
LORD DUNDREARY
in OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
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WE HAVE SEEN THE "MEGATHERIANS," THE "MASTODONS," THE "50 COUNT THEM 50," AND ALL THE SENSATIONAL MINSTRELS OF THE PERIOD, BUT UNHESITATINGLY STATE THAT THE "BIG FOUR MINSTRELS," WHO PLAYED HERE LAST WEEK, ARE THE BEST BY VERY LONG ODDS. THE VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, THE DANCING, THE COMEDY, THE MOUNTINGS, AND THE FRESHNESS OF EVERYTHING WERE REMARKABLE. THE HOUSES WERE VERY LARGE.—TROY BUDGET, Dec. 1.

THE GREAT "BIG FOUR" MINSTRELS.—Yesterday afternoon and evening the Big Four Minstrels played to large and respectable audiences, and made everybody happy. The Opera-house was crowded with delighted ladies and gentlemen in the evening, and they laughed until they were tired. There is no questioning the fact that Smith, Waldron, Morton & Martin have the very best original minstrel organization that has ever been put upon the road. There is not a "stick" in the party, and they really give more fun than can be comfortably enjoyed in one night. Heywood's soprano voice is unequaled in America. After hearing the rasping nasal falsetto attempts of other imitators, it is a treat to enjoy this voice. It is unnecessary to make special mention where everyone did so well. The "Big Four" have enough material for two first-class companies, but all hope that they will return to Utica again before they divide this organization. The brass band and orchestra were first-class.—UTICA HERALD, Nov. 28.

THE BIG FOUR MINSTRELS.—The Big Four Minstrels at Martin Opera-house last evening attracted a large audience. They gave an excellent minstrel performance. In brief, the singing was good, the dancing was good, and the humorous sketches eccentric and laughable. They appear again this evening, and should have a crowded house.—ALBANY ARGUS, Dec. 1.

THE BIG FOUR MINSTRELS.—This company are the best minstrels now upon the stage, and which recently gave one of the very best performances ever seen in this city, is meeting with abundant success in the eastern part of the State, and is soon to make a tour of Pennsylvania. It is pleasant to record the continued success of so deserving a company, composed not only of first-class performers, but gentlemen who conduct themselves as gentlemen ought to.—SYRACUSE JOURNAL, Dec. 4.

THE MINSTRELS.—A large audience greeted the famous "Big 4" Minstrels in the Academy of Music last evening, and the amusement afforded by the company was of the liveliest description. Everything was good, and the wonders of "The Big 4" were indeed indescribable. The manner in which they "took tumbles"—off of ladders, down walls, and from the roof—was a caution to weak knees, and tender anatomy. The audience yelled with laughter, and recalled with enough noise to raise the roof. THE SAN FRANCISCOS NEVER GAVE BETTER SATISFACTION, and "The Big 4" may always feel sure of crowded houses in Auburn. All lovers of minstrelsy will be there.—AUBURN DAILY ADVERTISER, Nov. 25 38-1t

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LIVING CURIOSITIES
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IN ALL DEPARTMENTS FOR
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FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Midge,"

a comedy written for Miss Jennie Lee, and originally produced some months ago at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, Ireland, was presented to the patrons of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, Scotland, Nov. 17. As the plot was not published on the occasion of its original presentation, we now present the interesting story: "When the curtain rises we are introduced into the apartments of Colonel Preston at Boulogne, where his daughter Marjorie, or Midge, as she is familiarly called by her friends, a clever and sprightly girl, redolent of the Bohemian atmosphere she has been reared in, is the life and soul of a society of Englishmen resident there for the time being. This company is rather varied, and embraces amongst others Laurence Linton, a card-sharper; John Gastern, an artist; and the Hon. Tom Carew and Lord Annersle, two officers on leave. Linton and Annersle are both in love with Miss Preston, and she returns the love of the latter with all the fervor of a warm and impulsive nature. While Midge is fascinating everybody with her lively pranks and mirthful sallies of wit, it is evident her father, the so-called Colonel Preston, is ill at ease. He views the engagement of his daughter with Lord Annersle with an amount of dread that is quite mysterious, since the welfare of his child seems to be the one thought of his life, and her patrician lover is everything that the most fastidious could desire. With this fear still haunting him, he is asked by the young lord, who is thoroughly in earnest, to sanction his immediate union with Midge, and, while admitting the honor of the proposal, we find the needy Colonel hesitating before giving his final consent. The key of the mystery of his position is now presented, when Linton learns what is going on; for, madly in love with the girl himself, he threatens the father with the revelation of some dark incidents affecting his past life if he persists in countenancing the engagement of Lord Annersle with his daughter. Preston, however, declines to interfere, and the scene culminates when Lady Caroline Wynstay, Lord Annersle's aunt, visits him, and, charmed with the natural gaiety and irrepressible spirits of Midge, approves of her nephew's attachment so far as to invite both father and daughter to Carntowers, for the purpose of making the acquaintance of Lord Annersle's family. Linton, who hears and sees all this with ill-disguised rage, dares the Colonel to accept; but he, nerved with new courage, defies his enemy, and accepts her ladyship's cordial invitation. Midge and Annersle are, of course, delighted, and the act closes on the discomfiture of Linton, although Preston's fears are in no way decreased. In the second act Midge and her friends are duly installed as visitors at Carntowers, and there her exuberant spirits and Bohemian proclivities find full scope for play, much to the scandal of the neighborhood; but the genuine honesty and straightforwardness of her character impress Annersle's father, Lord Carntowers, considerably in her favor. It now seems as if everything would go on well; but Linton, who has been enabled to get an introduction to Carntowers, calls on his lordship, and on the strength of his credentials is invited to dinner. Here he is coldly received by his former friends, young Lord Annersle declining to have any communication with him whatever, and Preston, in his despair, beseeching him to leave at once and not blight the future of his daughter, whose marriage with Annersle he is now determined shall take place. Midge, compelled again to listen to his obnoxious love-speeches, also appeals to Linton to leave her in peace, and, goaded at last by the taunts of one party and the sneers of another, and to prevent the marriage if possible, Linton denounces Preston as a late captain in the army, cashiered for forgery, who had also deluded Midge's mother into a sham marriage, thereby casting the stain of illegitimacy upon the daughter's birth. This revelation, which comes like a thunder-clap upon the family circle at Carntowers, at the same time discloses the fact that Midge's mother was none other than the lady whom old Lord Carntowers had to yield in early years to a successful rival. Indignant at the discovery, he breaks off the match between his heir and Midge, and bundles the overwhelmed Preston and his daughter out of the house. The unhappy father, while strenuously protesting his complete innocence of both charges made against him, unfortunately cannot produce any evidence whatever to support his testimony. The curtain then falls upon a strong picture, with Linton smilingly triumphant and the lovers separated, it would seem, forever. In the third act we encounter Midge in an humble cottage at Lambeth, supporting herself and her querulous father by displaying her lively talents on the stage. John Gastern, who has been a faithful friend all along, is endeavoring to clear up the mystery of her birth and discover the certificate of Preston's marriage. By degrees he unravels the matter so far as to be able to trace the perpetration of the forgery hinted at by Linton to that individual himself, and, with the document itself in his possession, hopes to nonplus the schemer at last. Still the slave to his passion, and unable to tear himself away from her side, Linton appears, and in an interview with Midge gives her to understand that, if she will but favor his suit, he will at once put her in possession of the necessary proof of her mother's marriage. In fact, he admits that he carries in his pocket the very document the existence of which he before denied. This admission the watchful Gastern overhears, and at once proceeds to make a compromise with Linton, offering to exchange paper for paper—forged check for the marriage certificate, threatening his visitor with a policeman if his terms are not acceded to. But he finds he has different material to cope with than he at first anticipated, and in the end Linton walks off defying the crestfallen Gastern to do his worst. A last appeal is, however, made to Linton by Midge herself, who conjures him by that love for herself which he has so often pleaded to own his story false, and free her from the stigma so cruelly cast upon her. Her touching eloquence moves him at last, and as the other characters join the group on the stage he relents, and with a grace that now becomes him, he puts up the desired paper that restores Midge once more to the arms of her happy lover. Gastern tears up the forged check, Lord Carntowers bestows his blessing on his children, and Captain Grant, alias Preston, is restored to his position in society and everybody is satisfied. Thus the characters are disposed of, and the curtain descends." The cast embraced Miss Le as Midge, Miss Florence Bennett as Lady Caroline, J. P. Burnett as John Gastern, Sidney Chartres as Laurence Linton, J. N. Stephens as Lord Annersle, Henry Crisp as Lord Carntowers, and E. Tearle as Preston.

"Le Billet de Logemen.t"

a new three-act operetta, libretto by MM. Burani and Bouchéron, music by Léon Vasseur, has been produced at the Fantasies-Parisiennes, Paris. The action takes place in the sixteenth century, at Barcelonette. Baron Sulpice De Montagnac arrives in that important town, of which he is governor for his Majesty the King of France; but he does not come unaccompanied. With him is his young wife Helene, a charming creature, who had married him because she could not do otherwise. They have taken twelve days to make the journey from Paris, and during that lapse of time the Baron has been the most self-denying of husbands. He has not prepossessed in his favor by this singular behavior, but there is an excuse for her lord and master's apparent coldness. The traditions of the Montagnac family require that the head of the house can only accomplish his nuptials in the ancestral chateau, and in a chamber which is never opened except on such an auspicious occasion. The Baron, as may be well imagined, is all eagerness to assume possession of his manor with its concomitant rights, but the *contretemps* the mansion is occupied by a regiment on the march, and the newly-wedded pair are debarred from having an instant for private conversation. Every room is occupied by the military, and a handsome young captain has even had the audacity to require the sacred nuptial chamber for his own use. The Governor has only succeeded in relegating some of the intruders to the cellars, when a deputation from the municipality comes to felicitate him on his marriage. After the civic dignitaries precede Colonel Guilbollard, a strict old martinet, who, though by no means ill-natured, is a most disagreeable guest, and during the time the young Baroness is exchanging most amorous vows with Captain Gontran the reckless Baron must keep a sharp lookout, for while his blushing bride slaps the door of the nuptial-room in his face she is only too ready to open for the bold soldier, if he only comes to knock at it. Gontran is not slow to profit by the opportunity thus offered him; but, as he is standing on tiptoes in the darkness towards the chamber, a figure brushes up against him, and the Captain, thinking it can be none other than that of the husband, draws his sword, and finds it soon crossed by another. The adversaries cannot see each other, but, nevertheless, make a great deal of noise, which soon brings the people of the house with lights to the spot, when Gontran discovers that he has been fighting his Colonel. The military law is strict in dealing with such an offense, and the Captain will be shot next day. Luckily for him, he has both the Baroness and the Colonel's wife on his side, and they are resolved to make every sacrifice to save him. They bribe the sentries posted before his window, and are even beginning to demolish the chateau in order to open an exit for him; but the Colonel surprises them in the course of this interesting operation, whereupon they both protest against the severe sentence of the law with an energy that cannot be very pleasing to their husbands. Gontran, in spite of the efforts of these ladies, would certainly undergo execution if the Sheriff did not come forward in the nick of time with the will of the late Baron De Montagnac, which completely alters the face of matters. We learn from this document that the deceased nobleman had been deceived by his wife, who could not resist the advances of King Francis I on his return from Marignan; that the child ushered into the world nine months after this *liaison* had been given by the angry husband to a band of free-lances, while he substituted a natural son of his own in its place, and, finally, that the offspring of the King and the erring Baroness, the rightful heir to the barony, is no other than Captain Gontran. A son of Francis I is, of course, not to be shot like any ordinary officer: indeed, the Colonel at once makes a profuse apology to the royal prisoner in the hope of obtaining promotion. Helene is so overjoyed that she throws herself into his arms without a moment's delay; she considers herself already his wife, since she is Baroness De Montagnac! Poor Sulpice gets off better than might have been expected: he is offered a spare room at the chateau. The part of the heroine was impersonated by Mlle. Humberta.

"Bellamonde, or the King's Avenger,"

is the title of a drama, in a prologue and three acts, written by Edward Towers, and brought out at the Pavilion Theatre, London, Nov. 15. It affords opportunities for J. H. Clynds, the leading man of the house, to assume several characters or disguises in the course of the action, first appearing as Captain Victor De St. Ville, an officer of the Guard of King Louis the Fourteenth of France. Victor engages in a street-brawl, and escapes over a wall into the garden of the Convent of St. Luce. While he is there the Marquis De St. Luce comes to Victor, and, mistaking him in the dark for his son, Viscount Adrian De St. Luce, talks to him of getting from the convent and putting out of the way his ward, Bellamonde, a girl of twelve years of age, of course so that they may possess themselves of the wealth to which she is entitled. When the Viscount arrives Victor despatches him on a fool's errand, and when the assassin, who has been hired to abduct and dispose of Bellamonde, enters, he binds and gags him, and gets from him the letter and ring by which he is to obtain the girl. Having got her into his keeping, he henceforth makes it the business of his life, and the object of various impersonations, to protect her and promote her interests. In the first act Bellamonde, now a beautiful maiden twenty years of age, is seen visiting the cathedral church of Notre Dame, Paris, attended by Victor, who has become Pom Pom, the King's Jester, and calls his charge his sister Blanche. The Viscount and King Louis are both enamored of the girl. Their attempts to get her and Pom Pom arrested so that they may have control over her are thwarted by Pom Pom, who, showing a signet-ring which the monarch had given him, orders the guards to arrest the Viscount, and the King, who, wishing to preserve the *incognito* which he had adopted for the purposes of the intrigue, submits. Victor now finds it necessary to change again. He reappears as Mons. Andre, a notary, and in that capacity attends to officiate at the marriage of the Viscount De Luce with a woman who has been put forth by the Viscount and his father the Marquis as Bellamonde, the Duchess De St. Arnold. Andre astonishes the conspirators by showing them that he knows and will spoil their schemes, and equally surprises Julien St. Arnold, the father of Bellamonde, who has returned from exile, by telling him that the woman whom the Viscount is about to wed is not his daughter. In the last act Victor, disguised as Signor Antonio, an astrologer, attends before the King, and, in answer to his interrogatories about the greatest wish of his heart and his chance of attaining it, tells him that he desires to get Blanche, the sister of Pom Pom, into his power, but will not succeed. The King subsequently goes to the Magician's house, attended by the Viscount, and there the latter, in a fit of jealousy and rage, is about to stab the King, when Victor appears in his own proper character, saves the monarch's life, and undertakes to become his avenger on the would-be assassin. The last portion of his task is soon accomplished. The Viscount is identified by a wound on his right hand, which Victor inflicted when he interposed. A duel takes place, and the Viscount is despatched with striking neatness and celerity. The real Bellamonde has her rights, and Victor, who loves her and has fairly won her, receives her for his wife." In the cast were Miss Jenny Granger as the heroine, Miss Wolf as her rival, C. T. Burleigh as the Marquis, G. Yates as King Louis, and R. Leslie as the Viscount.

"Les Noces d'Olivette,"

a comic-opera in three acts, words by MM. Chivot and Durn, music by Edmond Audran, was recently first performed at the Bouffe Parisiennes, Paris. The plot follows: "The heroine, who is daughter of the Seneschal of the Countess of Roussillon, is sought in marriage by uncle and nephew, the former being a rough old sailor in command of a vessel of the Countess—who is sovereign of a petty state—and the latter a captain in the Guards of the same mighty Princess. Olivette favors the young soldier, who is handsome and loving; but her father and also the Countess have decided to bestow her hand on his rival. Captain Merimac is about to make a long voyage, and as soon as he starts his nephew, Valentin, disguises himself so cleverly that Olivette's father and the Countess mistake him for his uncle, and he is accordingly married to the young lady. But the wind had suddenly shifted, old Merimac's ship has been driven back to port, and its commander returns to the palace. When he discovers the trick that has been played on him he is furious, and joins in a plot which a cousin of the Countess, the Duke d'Ifs, is planning for dethroning her. The Duke is a rejected suitor of that lady, who is secretly in love with Valentin. Their conspiracy is discovered, and the young Captain of the Guard receives orders to arrest both the Duke and his uncle, which he executes, it need hardly be said, most willingly. In the last act the situation has changed; the Countess is now in the Duke's power, who contemplates sending his ex-sovereign lady across the Spanish frontier with Capt. Valentin. Olivette, however, has no fancy for seeing matters take such a turn, and she accordingly bamboozles the Duke by giving him an assignation, but sends her maid in her place. Meantime she profits by the respite to bring about the rescue of the Countess, and when the Duke returns in great joy at the easy conquest he had made of the pretty bride's virtue, he discovers that he has been played with and defeated on all sides. The Countess rewards Olivette's strategy by according her hand to Valentin, she pardons the Duke and accepts him as her husband, while the old sailor is emphatically recommended to devote all his affection in the future, as in the past, to his good ship the Cormorant." M. Jolly appeared as the Duke, M. Gerpre as Captain Merimac, M. Marcelin as Valentin, Madame Bennati as the Countess, and Mlle. Clary as Olivette.

DRAMATIC.

AN ACCIDENT which might have been attended with serious results occurred at the Gobelins Theatre, Paris, recently. One of the audience, who was seated in the upper gallery, happened to overbalance himself, and fell headlong into the *parterre*, just as many people were leaving the house, between the acts. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued, and those who remained in the building looked for the involuntary author of the incident, expecting to find him seriously injured, if not actually dying. Curiously enough, that individual was nowhere to be found, having quietly disappeared among the throng who were issuing from the pit. A man and a young girl who were immediately beneath the spot where the unlucky victim of the force of gravity alighted were less fortunate, for he struck against them as he fell, and inflicted slight injuries.

THE FOLLY THEATRE, London, was reopened Nov. 17 under the management of J. L. Toole, who appeared as Chawles in "A Fool and His Money," and as Spriggins in "Ici on Parle Francais." The bill included "The Married Bachelor."

"BLACKEYED SUSAN," Henry Neville as William and Miss Bella Pateman as the heroine, is to be the next revival at the Adelphi Theatre, London, where "Nicholas Nickleby" has been played to good business.

JOSEPH MACKAYE and J. Leslie Gordon are to supply the piece which is to succeed "New Babylon" at the Duke's Theatre, London.

A DRAMATIC representation of the second portion of the dream of John Bunyan, namely, the story of Christiana and her children, was given by John Macdonald, family and friends, at the City Temple, London, Nov. 18.

GEORGE MEARS, for about thirty years past connected with the stage-business at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., died recently of bronchitis.

WILLIAM HAMBLETON, a veteran actor, who last appeared on the stage in 1874, playing Polonius to Chas. Dillon's Hamlet, died Nov. 17 at Liverpool, aged 81.

"ROB ROY" has been followed at Sadler's Wells, London, by a revival of "The Hunchback," Miss Isabel Bateman as Julia and Charles Keily as Master Walter.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD this month assumes the practical direction of the Gaiety Theatre, London, for a period of six months, having made arrangements with Miss Fanny Josephs, manageress.

HENRY PETTITT is engaged on a drama for the Majiltons. It ought to be full of animation.

MISS MARY HOLT has recovered from her serious indisposition.

MLLE. JEANNE SAMARY of the Comedie Francaise, Paris, is about to be married to Paul Lagrange.

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY" is the attraction at Astley's Amphitheatre, London.

MUSICAL.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE'S COMPANY are giving a series of operas at the Standard Theatre, London.

STAGNO, a tenor of repute, was recently killed in the city of Buenos Ayres, S. A., by a dancer, who stabbed him with a poignard, Nov. 13.

THE DEATH is announced of Madame Strauss, wife of Isaac Strauss, formerly conductor of the orchestra at the court-balls under the empire, and the successor of Musard at the Opera masked-balls, Paris.

FRANZ NEUMANN, author of "Patrititza," is now completing the score of an opera the libretto of which is taken from "Colomba," Merimee's Corsican novel. As soon as the work is terminated, it will be performed at the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, and perhaps in Paris.

MR. BERNARD, manager of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Theatre Royal, Newcastle, and Gaiety, Glasgow, Scotland, has secured the performing right of "Les Cloches de Corneville" and "La Petite Mademoiselle," and all other operas that the well-known firm of music-publishers, Messrs. Williams of London may secure from the French composers, including Lecocq's "La Jolie Persane," now running in Paris. Mr. Bernard is forming four traveling companies for the production of the two first mentioned.

"MADAME PATTI," says *The London Era* of Nov. 23, "has resolved, it is said, to have the pitch lowered at Covent-garden, and this would be a gain to the public, for the voice of the popular prima-donna has become more beautiful than ever in the lower and middle register, while the lowering of the pitch would reduce the wear-and-tear which affects every prima-donna in consequence of the present arrangement. We hear that M. Lassalle and several other vocalists have resolved to support Madame Patti, and that there is every probability of the change being made."

"CHILDREN'S PINAFORE" is to be given at a series of matinees at the Opera Comique, London, commencing Dec. 10 and continuing, it is expected, until after the holidays.

MLLE. KRAUSS writes to the journals to deny the claim, attributed to her some time ago, that no other artist should be engaged at the Paris Opera on terms higher than those she is paid. Her contract, she says, contains no such clause.

ANOTHER EXTENSION of time, for six months from Dec. 31 for the completion of the New Opera-house on the Thames Embankment, London, has been granted.

VARIETY HALLS.

MISS EMMA JUTAU, still performing in Paris, will give "the lightning descent" at the Oxford, London, Dec. 22, and for some time thereafter.

THE GILPORTS are in Genoa, Italy, appearing in their feats of strength.

MISS ELLA WESNER was specially engaged to act the character of Ben Mobbleson in "The Detective, or a Ticket-of-leave," at the Britannia Theatre, London, Nov. 24.

MISS ELAINE VERNER, a pupil of George Neville, made her debut at the Adelphi Theatre, London, recently. Her performance is well spoken of.

ZAZO, "Emperor of the Chairs," is among the notables whose arrival in England is noticed in our exchanges.

THE VICTORELLIS are at Day's Crystal Palace, Birmingham, Eng.

COULDN'T GAME HIM.

There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue yesterday to see the shipping. Several bootblacks had tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles and went into committee of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result, an innocent-looking shiner sidled up to the stranger and said:

"See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wall, I don't keer," was the cold-hearted answer.

"I've made a bet that I kin shine one o' them shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy.

"The bet is a quarter, and I know you'll gim me a chance to win it. Just stick out yer foot here, and the job won't cost ye a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast, and he had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through, he rose up, packed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planned. They expected an offer to complete the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought, the young man descended the steps to the harbor-master's boat, reached out his leg for the water, and "souse" went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out of his shoe —"I reckon you boys think you're smart, but none of our family ever mistook salerains for calamity, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz-saw."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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